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BERNARR MACFADDEN
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MONEY—THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

BERNARR MACFADDEN

"Yes, give me a lot of the root" is the reaction of the average citizen. But money is neither good nor bad. It is just a neutral means of indicating the possession of certain values.

Today popular conception of the original quotation from Timothy, "the love of money is the root of all evil," has come to be "money is the root of all evil."

It probably is a source of much evil, and we can also maintain that it brings a large proportion of the "good" that we find in this world.

We would not stop the use of money because some people use it for evil purposes any more than we would stop the use of bread because some people are injured by overeating.

The happiest people are those in what we call the middle classes—those who have to work or else go hungry. They are not oversupplied with the "root of all evil." Anything that has required unusual efforts to secure is always rich in appreciation. The greater the difficulties that bar the way to the fulfillment of your desires, the greater the value.

The sons and daughters of the rich are not required to work for the comforts or even the luxuries of life. They come to them without effort. And the sense of appreciation is notable because of its absence. They are often selfish, ungrateful, and egotistical. The world owes them a living—so they usually believe. They have not been required to make sacrifices of any kind. And it is only through deprivation and suffering that we properly value anything. That is the yardstick by which values are measured.

Parents who have endured suffering and hardship often labor throughout the years while rearing a family, having in mind at all times their desire to save their children from the hardship and worry that they may have endured. They rarely realize that the struggles that they have encountered throughout long years have been of untold educational value to them. It has given them the mental balance and a keen appreciation of the good things of life that can only come as a result of dearly bought experience that is sometimes harrowing in character.

Children reared in rich homes often deserve pity instead of envy. They rarely have the training necessary to face what can often be referred to as a hard, cruel world.

Life is not a bed of roses, by any means. It often brings heartrending experiences. Children who have been reared in wealthy homes usually live through a coddling process that is destructive to mind and body. And they frequently have to learn lessons, when they come in contact with real life, that bring many soul-torturing moments.

Riches and happiness are supposed to be boon companions. The love of money has caused it to be greatly overvalued. An oversupply often becomes a curse instead of a blessing.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., learned the value of money through hard work as a bookkeeper early in life. He also made his children realize its value. They were allowed very little pocket money. Dimes were dispensed infrequently.

As a consequence of following this policy the Rockefellers have built a great family tradition, with monuments to their charities throughout the world totaling hundreds of millions, and with Rockefeller Center as a great final climax to their astonishing benefactions.

In the heyday of some of the romantic matings among those who are overly rich, costly luxurious homes valued at millions of dollars have often been built. To live in one of them can be but little different from living in a luxurious hotel, with butlers, servants, and lackeys of all kinds.

We often hear that when poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window; but when love comes in the door shrouded with riches and costly garments, with leisure and luxury in abundance, the grand passion gradually fades away, and palatial mansions built as "love nests" are usually for sale a few years thereafter.

We blame the children of the rich for their lack of mental balance and other associated faults —overbearing egotism, ingratitude, etc.—but the faults are with their parents, although foolish state laws often compel quarreling parents to support their progeny in the luxury to which they have been accustomed. It always means a continuation of the "spoiling" process, which is often the real cause of the shortcomings we find in the children of the rich.

Yes, money is sometimes the "root of evil," but it can just as easily be the source of untold benefactions, as has been demonstrated by Rockefeller and other men of great wealth.

Bernarr Macfadden

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OR
SNEEZE

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VOX POP

A Letter to Marshal Pétain

MARSHAL PÉTAIN

DEKALB, ILL.—Mon Général: One day in 1918 I received, at the hands of General Le Boue of the 161st French Division, a recognition which I have cherished for twenty-two years—a citation for the Croix de Guerre. Returning to my billet after the ceremonies of that day in 1918, I took the citation out of my pocket and laboriously tried to translate it with my *au-revoir-biftek-café-au-lait* vocabulary. I must confess that there was only one word in the citation which meant anything to me—the word at the bottom. That word was "PETAIN."

Here in America one does not talk about one's medals, mon Général, but often on winter evenings, when my son and I had little confidential visits with one another, he would bring out my Croix de Guerre and dangle it proudly in the air. Then I would get out the citation, yellowed with age.

"See, son," I would say. "See! It is signed by Pétain himself."

Then he would crawl up on my lap and say, "Tell me about Pétain."

And I would tell him. I would tell him how Pétain loved his France better than his own life; how he inspired his soldiers to fight better than they knew how; how, when the enemy threw overwhelming numbers of men against Verdun, Pétain said, "*On ne passe pas*"; and they didn't pass! Then I would repeat, "Yes, that's the same Pétain —the Pétain who signed my citation. See, son, P-E-T-A-I-N."

When the invasion of France began last May, I couldn't help thinking, "Well, Gamelin may be all right, but I'd feel better if Pétain were there." Then things looked bad. Then one day the report came over the radio that Pétain was in the government. I fairly shouted for joy. "Now," I said, "things will be different. They'll never whip Pétain."

Well, mon Général, the Battle of France was lost. It was lost before Pétain could play a decisive part, and, as we Americans say, that's water under the bridge. Anyway, Pétain was still there. Pétain would never kowtow to a Nazi dictator. They might bully him, put him in a concentration camp, even kill him, but Pétain would remain a Frenchman. Perhaps he would even continue the war from other parts of the Empire. In any case, he would keep alive the soul of France.

Then shocking news began to appear in the press. The French government under Pétain had renounced the inspiring motto Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. France, under Pétain, would be rebuilt along Nazi lines. The patriots who had tried to forestall the brutal Nazi domination of Europe—Daladier, Reynaud, Mandel, Gamelin, and all the others—would be tried for treason. The property of French Jews would be confiscated. By Pétain's order, French boys and girls would be put into youth camps to be trained, presumably, as war-loving, God-hating little Nazis. The French government of Pétain had turned on its former ally, in whom the only hope of a resurrected France remains, had pledged complete co-operation with the German government, and had even threatened to declare war on England. Every communication reaching America from Vichy sounded like the slavish parroting of the conqueror's words.

Is this the same France which lost a war to Bismarck seventy years ago, which paid its indemnity with the sweat of its brow, and then set to work to build a new France? Is this the France of *On ne passe pas*, of *On les aura?* Is this the France of Joan of Arc? No, mon Général, this is not the same France. It is not even France.

But, you may say, the conqueror at least left a part of France unoccupied. There *is* still a France, even though it is weak and small. Don't believe it, mon Général. Unoccupied France is less French than occupied France. Men who are under the military control of the Germans may accept temporary slavery, but you can be sure that in their hearts burns bitter resentment of their lot and an earnest resolve to build another France. In unoccupied France there can be no such resolve, for the most respected soldier of France tells his countrymen there is no hope; all is lost; Frenchmen must become Germans.

It is all terribly depressing, mon Général. Gamelin, Daladier, Reynaud, and Mandel are not the real traitors. They are men who may have made grave mistakes, but if you want to try somebody for treason, find the real traitors, those who actually connived with the enemy to bring about the destruction of France. And don't turn on your friends. Germany may be victorious for a day, a year, five years, but as sure as the sun rises over the Alps of Savoie she will, in the end, be destroyed. *On les aura, mon Général. On les aura.*

If somebody must serve as Hitler's mouthpiece, if somebody must play the

role of leader for a nation of slaves, let it be Laval, but never Pétain!

The lad who used to crawl up on my lap and ask me to tell him about Pétain is now sixteen. I have spent many uneasy moments since last spring wondering what I could say if he asked me whether the Pétain of Vichy is the same Pétain whose name is on my citation. I think I should have to reply: "No. That is a different Pétain. The Pétain of Verdun, the Pétain of *On ne passe pas*, the Pétain who signed my citation, is dead."

But my son never mentions Pétain—at least, never in my presence. I know he understands. He is considerate of my feelings.

I have a firm faith that time will vindicate my belief in Pétain. I nourish a desperate hope that one day, when a bullying Nazi official issues a decree for Pétain to repeat to the French citizenry, Pétain will say: "Sir, you see before you an old man, but a soldier of France. You will have to find another to perform your menial tasks. If somebody must betray my country, it will not be Pétain. Vive la France! Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité!"

That day will be a glorious day for France and for a disillusioned world, mon Général. No longer will men keep their Croix de Guerre locked away in trunks. They will again get out their citations and say to their children or to their children's children: "See, it is signed by Pétain himself, *the* Pétain! You know, the magnificent soldier of France who whipped the Germans at Verdun in 1916 and who defied the bully of Europe in 1941. See, P-É-T-A-I-N." And I can say to my son, "You see, they *thought* they had Pétain subjugated, but they found out that a steel will is more impregnable than a steel Maginot Line."

Croyez-moi, mon Général, votre bien dévoué.—J. Hal Connor.

A WYOMING BACK YARD

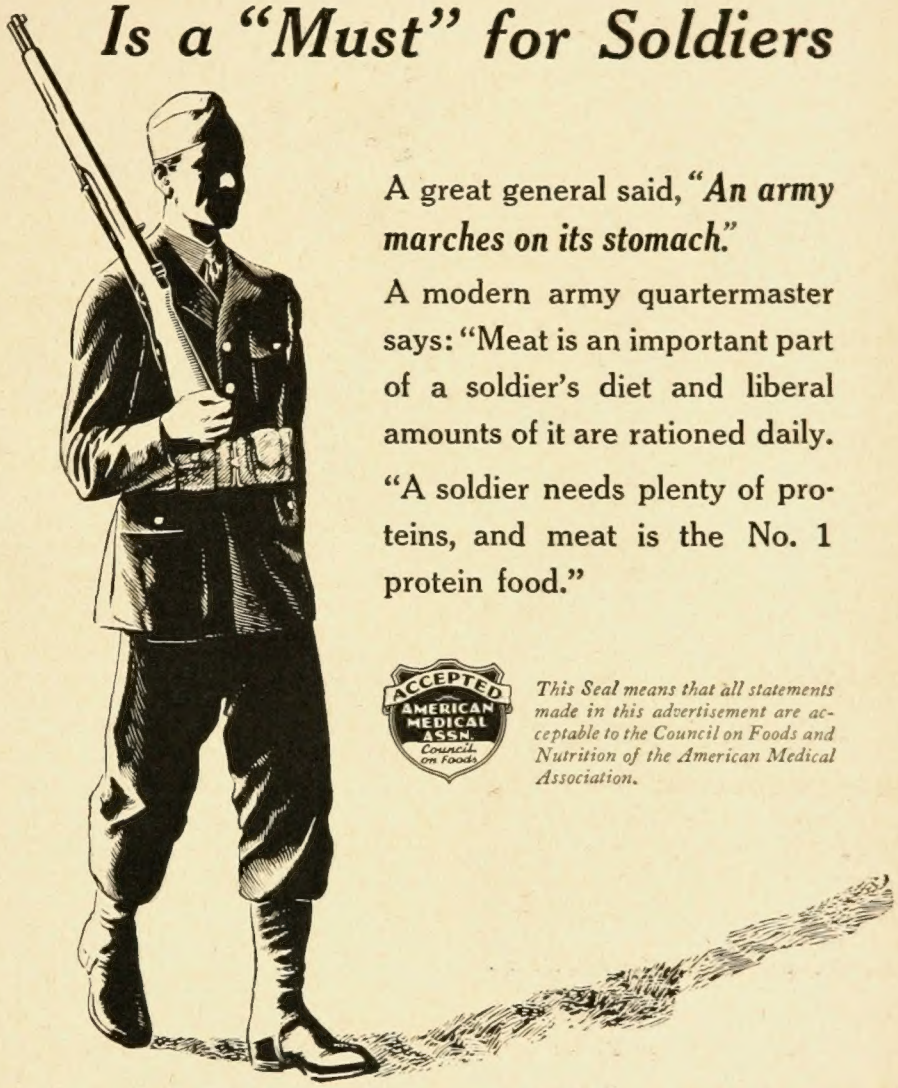
TYRONE, N. M.—How About a Dance, Kid? by Llewellyn Hughes (January 4 Liberty), contains one of the most ridiculous blunders I've ever run across. The hero can think only about his 400-acre ranch in the Teton County of Wyoming where his 600 herd of cattle are ranging.

In the first place, 400 acres makes a nice-sized back yard in Wyoming, if there aren't too many children in the family. In the second place, any one that has ever passed through cow country would laugh at the idea of putting 600 head of cattle on 400 acres. It can't be done!—*Mrs. W. C. Zerwer, Jr.*

PUTS MACFADDEN AT HEAD

OSCEOLA, IA.—There was one mistake or omission in Entire Nation Must Train to Avoid Enslavement (January 18 Liberty). The last paragraph should have been: *And Bernarr Macfadden should be at the head of this training!* I really mean this!—*E. Otis.*

Why MEAT *Is a "Must" for Soldiers*



A great general said, ***"An army marches on its stomach."***

A modern army quartermaster says: "Meat is an important part of a soldier's diet and liberal amounts of it are rationed daily.

"A soldier needs plenty of proteins, and meat is the No. 1 protein food."

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The recent discovery of its content of B vitamins places meat on the list of basic foods important for thiamine (vitamin B_1), riboflavin (vitamin B_2), and the anti-pellagra vitamin. All are needed to maintain normal health and well-being.

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He came toward her; and she stood spellbound, for he was staring at her throat.

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GIRL STICKS OUT NECK

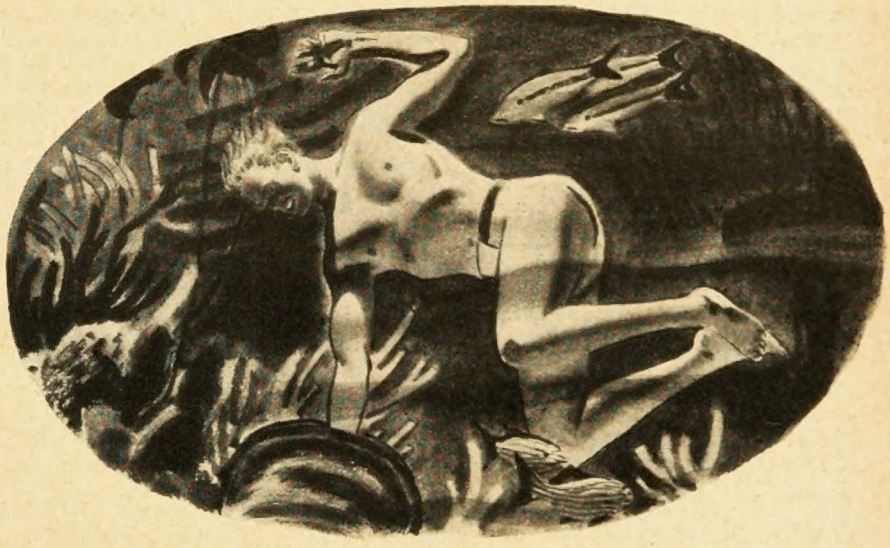
BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART ONE—PEARLS . . AND A DEAD MAN'S DREAM

THERE had been a Belgian named Claessens, René Claessens, a mite of a man with handle-bar mustaches unbelievably white and bright, and straight fine pale-blue eyes, who knocked around the various pearling places of the world, buying and selling and having a good time. He was the most cosmopolitan person imaginable. Whether it was called a pearl or a *perle*, a *perla*, or a *paarl*, René Claessens was interested. A bachelor, he had one passion. He trotted the world indefatigably, but never to see sights. Where pearls were found, so was he. Manila knew him, and Kandy, Colón, and Jolo, Tawitawi, Zamboanga, Singapore, Sarawak, Broome.

In the ordinary sense of the phrase, he couldn't find his way around London, Paris, New York; but he could go as though by instinct to the only streets with which he was concerned—Hatton Garden, the Rue Lafayette, Maiden Lane. He was a funny little chap, very lovable, very gay, a flower-in-the-buttonholey sort of chap, who at long last appeared in Mangareva in the Gambiers.



The Gambier group is sometimes called, though never on maps, *les Isles Oublié*, the Forgotten Islands. It consists of four islands and a smattering of uninhabited atolls all enclosed in one large and lovely lagoon almost a thousand miles south by southeast of Tahiti. Mangareva, by far the largest of the islands, about four miles long and maybe a mile and a half wide, contains a missionary and several hundred natives, most of them clustered in the metropolis Rikitea.

Mangareva in appearance is precisely your dream of a South Sea island—except for Rikitea. The group produces a little copra, coffee celebrated in those parts, excellent oranges, a lot of pearl shell, and now and then a few pearls. Of these, since the lagoon is so much bigger than the land area, which in addition is hilly, only the pearl shell comes in large quantities. The rest of the stuff scarcely pays for the kerosene, flour, axes, spools of thread, and bolts of calico which Charlie Brown sends down now and then from Papeete, and which is handled, naturally, through a Chinaman. Mangareva, in other words, could hardly be said to have a favorable trade balance.

Claessens liked Mangareva and it liked him. In no time at all he had picked up the language, and he kidded the natives, who roared with delight. He gossiped with them by the hour. There was nothing standoffish about little René Claessens, and he got along with these islanders as though he had lived among them all his life.

He got along with Strachey Smith, too. Strachey had not been long in the Gambiers when René Claessens arrived, and he was inclined to shy away from the little man. But that was not possible. The Belgian refused to be anything but a pal. He paid not the slightest attention to Strachey's attitude; he never asked, directly or otherwise, what Strachey was doing in so remote a place; he just went ahead and made a friend for himself by being one.

Time is plentiful in Mangareva. They used to fish together, the mustachioed little European and the American, and they'd lie for long hours on the beach, or climb Mount Duff, or sail a borrowed cutter in the lagoon. René Claessens, having been to many places, had many stories; but eventually, inevitably, his talk came back to the one thing he really loved.

He told Strachey how pearls were formed and how they were found. He told Strachey how they were valued. He described strawberries, baroques, blisters, slugs, nuggets, turtlebacks, chicots, bird's-eyes, ring-arounds, buttons, paragons, seeds, dust. He demonstrated to Strachey the deli-

cate operation of peeling a pearl as you might peel an onion, in the hope that a given flaw was only on the surface. He showed Strachey how to weigh them, how to classify them, how to drill and string them. He brought out his own pearls.

"These are all I have. I have little money. Well, I do not care. Pretty soon I die."

"Don't be silly!"

"Oh, yes—pretty soon. My mother, my father, always they want me to work in a bank, my uncle's bank, and make a lot of money. Not me. I never made much money. When I make a little, I buy pearls with it. Pretty soon now I die. But look at these—"

He had been collecting them for years. They were Orientals of the most exquisite luster, large, perfectly round, all a creamy pink. There wasn't a scratch, crack, spot, flaw, or blemish of any kind on any of the fifty-two. Strung, they would fairly have clamored for a queen. But they were not yet ready to be strung, though he had pierced them.

"You perceive, we need an eight-grainer just here, and a four-and-one-half-grainer there, and two—*two*, mind you, *mon ami!*—between these, where the change is too sharp. Also I seek a center. It will be very difficult to find."

Now, the great value of pearls, as all the world knows, is in the matching. One pendeloque is worth, say, ten dollars. Get another exactly like it, of the same tint, luster, size, shape, and the two together, potential eardrops, might be worth one hundred dollars or more.

These pearls of René Claessens had been matched by a master. Unhurried, expert, sincerely in love, he had collected and kept them. They were his own. They were not his business but a part of himself.

"I think I will never finish it unless I have the luck to find them here, *mon ami*. But it does not matter. If I had to live over again, I would live the same way. It was much fun. And you see what I have? No home, no children, but I have something that is better, *hein?*"

He was old. Strachey never knew how old he was. His eye was clear and fresh, his wit was sharp, his step light, right up to the time he died.

He died very quietly, at night, after he had been in Mangareva for almost a year. He just went to sleep and didn't wake up. Tita, the woman who cooked for him, came running to Strachey's house in the morning, and Strachey went back with her—and little René Claessens was dead. It was as simple as that. They buried him behind the Church of St. Michel, which he had never attended, and when they came to open the will it was learned, to the astonishment of nobody except Strachey Smith himself, that the little man had left Strachey everything he owned.

What he had owned were two old photographs in plush frames, enough clothing to fill a battered suitcase, that suitcase, three two-year-old numbers of L'Illustration, two Straits dollars, a ten-shilling note in the currency of the Fiji Islands, Banque de l'Indo-Chine notes to the extent of 430 Tahitian francs, a pair of manicure scissors, a jar of mustache wax, a bundle of love letters written in Italian, an obsidian knife, three small steel knives, a roll of stringing silk, some gum mastic, some gum arabic, two tiny saws, a box of drills, a set of scales—and the pearls.

With the pearls was a letter enclosing another envelope. Strachey was begged by Claessens to try to complete the string in the same dedication to perfection; if and when, but only when, the task was completed was he to open the second letter.

It was a trust, and Strachey accepted it as such. He had no thought, from that time, but to complete the rope. René Claessens' dream must be made to come true.

Moreover, Strachey himself very soon fell in love with those pearls. He began to understand how the little Belgian had felt about them. That rare and delicate beauty fascinated him, and he would spend hours picking them up and putting them down or just sitting and staring at them. He had been extremely fond of René Claessens, and somehow these pearls helped to console him. But they must be completed.

He began to dive.

It was difficult at first. Any sixteen-year-old kid could do a better job of it, go deeper, stay under longer. It used to leave Strachey with aching ribs and fuzzy dulled ears. But he stuck to it; and after a while he could dive with the best of them.

The pearls had become his whole life, as they had been René Claessens'. For more than five years he did not himself find a single addition to what was some day to be a necklace. He did find other pearls, however, and these he traded. In this way he got the eight-grainer he needed.

The two matched gradients, which he had expected to prove hardest of all to find, appeared from different parts of the lagoon in the same week! They were identical, and the divers who had fetched them were, as it happened, first cousins, and they got together, so that Strachey had to pay a stiff price; but he paid it.

In his sixth year in Mangareva, paying for it with a whole handful of smaller pearls, he bought the exactly right four-and-one-half-grainer.

The center was a different matter. It would have to be very large, and the finding of it would depend upon luck. Strachey continued to dive.

MOST of the castles were magenta or a flamboyant and not agreeable pink; though there were some of electric blue, some dazzling white, and as always scattered red, yellow, and orange ones. The silence in which they were shrouded, and their emptiness, made a creepy contrast to this color. Greenish-blue light slanted through their halls and corridors.

Strachey Smith had come down with speed. He had passed a flutter of tiny round flat fishes striped giddily in yellow and black—Princeton fishes, he called them, not knowing the native name; and he had seen one lean medium-sized shark; but this was all.

He could remember the time when he would have been frightened by that shark. Now, for years, he had known better.

This would be about four and a

Clara was proud of her figure. People very often admired it.

half to five fathoms, he estimated, a little less than thirty feet.

He began to work on the oysters, seizing them with his left hand, tearing and prizing them loose with the *pano*, a sort of one-handed crowbar. Most of the shells were open, so that he could glance into them, but they closed swiftly at a touch. In their midst, incongruously fat and thick and big, was a *paua*, a giant clam. It was perhaps two and a half feet across and must have weighed more than a hundred pounds. Strachey avoided it. Motionless, it rested with its thicker end on the bottom, like the pearl shells, its lips, open an inch or two, upraised. Those heavy serrated lips could close like lightning. You didn't fool around pauas.

He had once supposed that it was dark at the bottom of the sea. Well, perhaps it was—outside. But not here in the lagoon. The water was always clear, the light a harsh but full-bodied greenish blue.

He had torn four of the oysters off the coral when he spied the pearl. This pearl was cream with the faintest conceivable pink tinge. It was round and very large. It was the finest pearl Strachey had ever seen—it was the pearl that for years he had been seeking.

He was weak in that instant, for his lungs were sore and he had been about to rise. In his excitement he let the pano slip from his hand, and it fell among the oysters.

WHAT happened then could not have happened at a worse time.

He was arching, turning to rise, so that he was not cleanly balanced. More important was his mental excitement. The glimpse of that pearl had been literally stunning: it had been like a blow.

The shark, the fool, had not been looking where it was going. It could not have seen Strachey: it would never have had the courage to approach him. It all but collided with him, snout on. It swerved and shot away, badly frightened.

Strachey, in turning, had swung up with his right arm, his left thrown behind him for balance. Pain streaked through that arm from the hand. It was as though he had put the hand into fire.

He had put the hand between the lips of the paua.

A steel vise is what it could have been, for the shell of a paua is as hard as tempered steel. The lips seemed smooth but their grip was terrible. Already he had no feeling in his left hand. He wriggled this way and that, tugging. The blood whammed in slow hard strokes at his temples. His ears rang.

Somehow he reached the pano with his right hand and hammered at the paua. He might as well have hammered at the ocean bed itself.

The banging in his head was greater now. Groggy, he longed to open his mouth. That would be the end—if he opened his mouth. But maybe that would be better.

He clacked the pano along those thick wavy lips. Unexpectedly—it was like a miracle—he found a niche he couldn't even see. The shell had somehow been chipped and the pano slipped in—not far, but it gave him leverage. He had begun to press on it when the blackness came.

TEAGAIATUI, panicky, had been just about to dive for him when Strachey bobbed up between the outrigger and the canoe itself. So Teagaiatui told him later, for Strachey remembered nothing of this.

Now he lay gasping, his goggles pushed up on his forehead, while the boy raised the basket. There were four pearl oysters in the basket. Teagaiatui went for the anchor.

Strachey said, "*Aita!*" sharply.

Teagaiatui turned. "We go back! We take you to—"

"Aita! I'm going down again," Strachey said, and rose.

The boy was all objections. Streki was tired; he should go home. But Strachey shook his head.

"A *poe*," he explained. "A beauty, Teagaiatui. You never saw such a beauty! Aita. No, not in the basket. It's still down there. If we leave this place we may never find it again."

The boy cried, "I get it. For you."

Still Strachey shook his head. "I'll get it."

Early air pilots after a crack-up would come out of hospital and immediately fly a plane back and forth over the scene of the accident. It was not superstition; it was a stubborn determination not to let themselves lose their nerve.

It was something similar that caused Strachey Smith to dive again so soon after he'd been grazed by the very shoulder of death. Almost eight years in these parts had done much to tranquillize him, and he was no longer the wild impetuous youngster who'd taken a schooner down from Papeete. Nevertheless he'd get that pearl, if it was the last thing in the world he did do.

He slid over the side of the canoe, and Teagaiatui handed him the basket, containing now only a smooth piece of coral for weight.

"You open them as fast as I bring them up," Strachey commanded. "I'm not going to leave here until I get that pearl."

He took a deep breath and dove.

He worked like a man frenzied. It was not difficult to find the pano, and he used it as it had never been used before, filling the basket again and again. He fished up the oysters faster than Teagaiatui could open them, and it was after his seventh dive that he learned that he'd brought up the pearl on his fifth.

"The poe!"

Teagaiatui held it up. Even Teagaiatui was excited. Not for many a year, never in Teagaiatui's time, had such a pearl been seen in the Gambiers. It must have weighed almost a hundred grains, and there was no flaw on it, no ring, no bird's-eye. It was all of a color, a creamy faint pink, and its luster was exquisite. Best of all, it was as round as though turned in a precision lathe.

Strachey took the pearl and stood for a long time staring down at it. He had ceased to pant, perhaps even to think. Here was a thing to remind him of all he never expected to see again, of chic women, night clubs, dances, the opera, and lovely gowns. Though he could hold the thing in his palm, it was an entire world. No magician of old gazing into a crystal ball ever saw as much as Strachey Smith saw when he stared at that pearl.

In this fascination it was small wonder he did not see the yacht.

It was very close. It was inside the lagoon and pointing a polished polite nose toward the village of Rikitea. All yellow and white against the blue of the lagoon, it moved with assurance. So large it was, and so efficient, that it surely dominated Mangareva; and indeed the Zuleika III would have been outstanding in Miami or Monte Carlo, Palm Beach or Capri.

Teagaiatui only watched it a little while. After that his eyes were on Streki. He was worried about Streki, who seemed more frightened now than he had been when he came up from the long dive.

Only twice before in Teagaiatui's memory, and he was seventeen, had there been a yacht comparable with the Zuleika III, and on both those occasions, while everybody else on the island flocked to the little stone quay to gawp, Streki had retired to his house and had not left it while the yachts were in the lagoon.

Now Streki wrapped the pearl hurriedly in a piece of cotton wool which he tucked carefully under his *pareu* and grasped a paddle.

"Come on, Teagaiatui. Quickly now. We're going in."

Back in his house, Strachey examined the pearl and could find no flaw. Had there been the slightest touch of mistiness or shadow he would have put it aside, for only the best must go into this necklace. There could be no compromise. René Claessens had sought perfection and Strachey was demanding nothing less. But this pearl was perfect. It would be the center.

What a lovely thing it was!

He drilled it, his hand steady as a rock, though there was sweat on his face.

Later he strung the pearls by lamplight, one after the other, each in its right place, each the only pearl in the world that could possibly be put into that place. When he was finished, his heart pounding, his lips dry, his hand permitted at last to tremble, he lifted the rope. It was René Claessens' dream come true.

RIKITEA presented that peculiar combination of beauty and squalor which is typical of villages in French Oceania. Fronted by a strip of clean white beach, its rickety sad grandeur was only half hidden by

pandanus and *miro* and *purau* and candlenut. Finials jutted at crazy angles; porches sagged; slatternly shutters hung awry; in gardens where no grass grew but only weeds, pigs ooncked thoughtfully, snuffling for roots, and chickens pick-pecked; while rust had claimed each roof. Behind it all, coconut trees were emerald green in the light of the tropical sun, and *aeho*, climbing the hills, was yellow.

"I THINK it's hideous," said Clara Lair. "And no quay again. I'm tired of going ashore in the launch all the time."

There was in fact a quay, but not for such vessels as the Zuleika III. Even the schooner from Papeete couldn't come alongside.

"I don't think we'll stay here long, but I want to look up that American who's here, the one they say has all the pearls. Want to go ashore with me now, Janet?"

"I'd love it." Clara's cousin knew when a request was a command.

"Probably we can buy some cheaper than at Hikuera," said Clara Lair, who was so rich that she could afford to spend all her life looking for bargains. "He can use cash to buy whatever it is they buy for native wives. I suppose he's got one."

"I suppose he has." Janet felt it was easier to agree.

All that was really the matter with Clara Lair was that she was not rich but very *very* rich, and had been born that way. She was mean and sometimes disagreeable; but given a dash of poverty and she would have been no worse than many another spoiled woman. She took no interest in charity or social service, and it was to her credit that she never pretended to do so. She was not pompous. She said "Thank you" sweetly to servants. She insisted, probably believing it, that her tastes were simple, her desires few. In short, if she got exactly what she wanted when she wanted it, she could be very amiable.

She had been married twice, a shade absent-mindedly, and each husband had been a disappointment. She felt that she had been very badly used by them, but she wouldn't complain much. Clara was proud of her figure, for she was sylphlike, although undeniably she was thirty-four. People often admired it; and Clara would laugh and say she was lucky, that she had always eaten anything she liked. She moved quickly and with a certain birdiness of which she was conscious. She liked to lift her legs up underneath her when she sat down. She had a voice slightly too high, a pretty mouth, and a smile which if not spontaneous at least was unreluctant—and dependable.

She was not stingy with this smile. She believed in it. Because of her wealth she could buy almost anything, but she got a bigger kick out of favors unpurchasable which were granted her, as she believed or hoped, because of the smile. She was acquisitive, collecting Palissy plates, friends, pre-Christian jades, experiences in Egypt, Italian primitives, and goodness knows what else.

Janet Lair was ten years younger than Clara—though they had the same name, the cousinship was remote—and was two inches taller and a lot better-looking. This latter fact Clara had never learned. Not that Clara was blind to her cousin's good looks! Clara was much too clever to traipse around the world with a companion downright plain. She sought nothing so obvious as a contrast, but only a comparison favorable to herself. She often showed she was not catty by praising Janet's wavy dark brown hair and Janet's large brown eyes, Janet's complexion and shoulders and throat, and the way she held herself.

"Here's Harris and says the launch is ready. No, you go first, darling. There."

They would go alone, as Clara had already expressed the thought that the rest of the party might feel like a swim and had been agreeably surprised to learn that it did.

TEAGAIATUI saw them coming. "*Vahines*," whispered Teagaiatui.

"You know them?"

"Of course I don't know them. And I don't want to."

But having been seen, he would not run. His house had no door, only a doorway, so there was no shutting himself in. To scurry out through the back door and up into the hills would be undignified.

So he stood and waited for them, and he bowed his head slightly when the younger, taller, better-looking one made introductions. He did not ask them to step inside.

"We just thought you might—well, you being an American, you might like to see some one from home."

"It is nice," he admitted without warmth.

"Don't you—uh—well, I should think you'd get awfully lonesome?"

Strachey Smith looked at her. She did not seem to be enjoying this. After a moment he nodded.

"I do," he said, and looked at her in a way that made her fidget. A little annoyed, she came out with her purpose.

"We heard that you have some pearls . . ."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid you've been misinformed. Even if I had any pearls, I wouldn't be allowed to sell them. You have to have a license to do that."

Clara said quickly, "I can remember the days when it was against the law to buy a drink, back in the States."

He smiled, his eyes turning to her. "I can, too. But I just haven't any pearls for sale. I'm sorry."

Having spoken, Clara decided to take over the conversation. This man couldn't be as cold as he sounded. He was nice-looking and had a clean straight way of standing.

She smiled. She meant to toss that smile like a grenade. She meant to have it burst before him, dazzling him. She followed it swiftly with high rapid talk, friendly talk, light, personal. She invited him aboard the Zuleika III.

"Any time—whenever you happen to feel like it. We've got some swell rye. And of course ice," she added. "I'll bet you haven't had a cold highball in a long, long time."

"No, I haven't."

"How long *have* you been down here, Mr. Smith?"

"Almost eight years."

"Don't you even go up to Papeete?"

He shook his head.

"Don't you ever think of going back to civilization?"

"Sometimes."

"Think you ever will?"

"I doubt it."

She tried and tried, but he would not respond. It was humiliating. Clara Lair felt the sting of blood in her face, and there was a tight hot lump in her throat. But she held her rage in. There were those pearls to consider.

Rather confusedly she had the further infuriating impression that Strachey Smith, even as he answered her politely, had been paying her no attention. She caught his eyes leveled in Janet's direction, and wondered if she had not made an error in tactics—whether it would not have been better to have left the conversation to Janet.

She threw the smile again. She was *damned* if she'd let him make her sore. She invited him again to come aboard the Zuleika III any time he felt like it.

He did not refuse, but neither did he accept.

Clara was getting ready to go, that being the only thing left to do.

"You won't change your mind about those pearls?" she asked again, twinkling.

"If I had any pearls to sell," he assured her, "I'd be glad to sell them. But I haven't."

Going back along the beach, Clara said, "If I'm going to get any of his pearls, you'll have to do the getting. He fell for you, darling."

"Don't be silly," said Janet. "He—"

"I saw the sheep's eyes he was making at you, even if you didn't. Well, darling, maybe we can make use of your little romance."

Janet was silent, for something had come alive between this—this beachcomber and herself as their eyes met and parted, only to meet again. There was a deep request in his look, an urgent plea which was stronger than his loneliness. She knew he wanted to see her again. And, she confessed it to herself, she wanted to see him.

JANET wore blue that night, a darkish blue with a tendency to show almost black in artificial light. In moonlight, on the other hand, this gown seemed a lighter blue than it was; it became lustrous; it

shimmered as though covered very tightly with silver gauze.

At least the gown wasn't a hand-me-down. She realized that this was an injustice to Clara, who never was so tactless as to offer Janet a cast-off dress. What Janet illogically called hand-me-downs were the ones Clara just happened casually to buy for her sometimes when they'd be shopping together. These were the hand-me-downs. Perversely, Janet did not like them. She preferred models she herself had selected and, what was more important, paid for. She had a little money of her own. Mighty little.

At dinner she wondered why she had even taken the trouble to pick a dress out. Nobody gave a hoot. Old Mr. Garvin hadn't looked at her three times since they left New York. Jake Bellington had been making persistent passes of which Sarah Bellington, though she said nothing, could hardly have been unaware. But Sarah certainly didn't mind; for she had been soured long since. And Jake would not be squelched.

Janet was fed up with them. They were all fed up with one another. But she tried to tell herself that she was not being fair. Especially about Clara. Clara, after all, was her hostess, and she *had* been kind, even though none of that kindness was impulsive, as Clara tried to make it seem. She hated Clara; and this was not decent of her. There is nothing good to be said for hatred of a person you are living with, whom you "dear," who is practically supporting you. Janet did not like it.

Over the coffee old Mr. Garvin said, "How 'bout shooting some bridge?"

"You four play," Clara said. "I don't feel much like it."

"Nonsense," Janet said. "I never really enjoy it, Clara, and you play so much better."

"But, darling, what will you—"

"I've chores, or I'll loaf on deck in the moonlight."

"Sorry I can't supply a beau to go with it," said Clara.

"You provide enough without that, darling," said Janet, going out on deck.

THE moonlight was not a mere condition, but something that had emerged from hidden places and taken over this part of the earth, being in the air and a part of it, seeming, curiously, to have nothing much to do with the moon itself. You would have said there could be no shadows from that moonlight—not simply because it was bright, though it was, but rather because it seemed to wander into forgotten corners like a perfume. It was inescapable.

It was probably doing marvelous things to the gown, but there was nobody to see. Then she thought of Strachey Smith and the look that had been in his eyes this afternoon. It came to her that he, despite his bedraggled appearance, would appreciate the duet played by moon and gown. As her mind flirted with the thought, Harris, the Zuleika's chief steward, loomed. She stopped him.

"Ma'am?"

"Is anybody going ashore?"

"Yes, ma'am. Some of the sailors are going to stretch their legs."

"I think I'll go to the beach with them. Get me that silver gauze scarf in my cabin first, will you, Harris? It's hanging at the far end, at the left."

While Harris fetched it, she was very busy telling herself that her excursion did not have the American as its goal.

RIKITEA was asleep, for this must have been ten o'clock. No pigs mumbled, no chickens lurched about in search of specks, and the myna birds blessedly were silent.

DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

born in New Jersey, educated in public schools, has been, among other things, a newspaperman, bartender, actor, road-gang foreman, soda jerker, and bridge teacher. He has written poetry, fiction, and articles for magazines and is the author of several books.

Wavelets fretted the beach which was somewhere near her, but there was not any other sound. A hurricane lamp turned very low stood in a doorway, habitually placed there for the purpose of keeping away *tupaupaus*, the local ghosts, but its beam was a wan and ineffective thing in the lusty light of the moon. It was as weak this night as the stars, which, though the sky was washed with them, only at its grayed edges could make themselves seen as individuals.

She walked slowly, thinking about nothing in particular, perhaps about this part of the world in general, about the South Seas, the people here, the life. It was not what she had expected.

And yet in many ways it was even more wonderful than that. The immediate ugliness was easily forgotten—the Chinese, the tacky stores, the rusty petrol tins, the mongrels, the sad sagging barbed wire. This was mere foreground, water front. But you walked out into the country, and you saw that beauty was packed around you. Mountains were behind you, the sea before, the dizzying lagoon, the reef, and on right and left coconut trees tossed fussily, and there were millions of flowers. No matter what the time, no matter in what weather, these things were beautiful. You lay amid beauty at night, rose amid it in the morning. You looked up, or down, you turned your head. It was always there.

And the simplicity. Janet thought she had the sort of mind that does not wish to reach for things, strain for them, snatch them, twist or distort them; that has no interest in improving, buying, selling, altering; but prefers the sweet uselessness of dreams.

However, why dream? It got you nowhere. She couldn't come here, because you can't live even in French Oceania without some income. She was going to have to work. She was working now, of course; but when she got back to the States she was going to change her job, ceasing to be a professional poor relation and becoming instead—well, she didn't yet know. She had no training, no talent. But she'd do something. She'd do anything rather than go on being a family retainer.

There was no coral along the beach here, which, though narrow, was clean and white and soft. Coconut palms clittered apologetically in a breeze Janet could not even feel. She stooped to walk under a purau, the yellow flowers of which gleamed white now, and came abruptly upon a lean blue outrigger canoe and, beyond it, the American's house.

She saw him there—or saw his back. He was seated, bending over something under a pressure lamp which threw into a limited cone a very considerable illumination.

As she watched, he straightened. With a little sigh, he lifted something.

Janet had moved all her life among rich people and was not readily awed by the baubles money can buy, but she had never seen anything so splendid as this.

It was perfect. The pearls were creamy pink, round, and exquisitely graduated. As they were lifted out of the artificial light and into the moonlight, which they seemed to prefer, they did not throw it back like harsh vulgar dazzling diamonds, but coolly and with ease absorbed it until each pearl glowed like a live thing.

SHE did not remember gasping, but she must have made some sort of noise. For he heard something. He turned.

She forgot the pearls—which he put swiftly away, out of sight somewhere—when she saw the look in his face.

He rose. He came out of the house and toward her, walking very slowly; and she stood spellbound, for he was staring at her throat.

The scarf had slipped far back and her throat was bare.

He did not nod, or smile, or give any other sort of greeting. His eyes—bright, she thought, with madness—never acknowledged hers. They were fixed only upon that throat.

She could not move as he came toward her, and she knew that she wasn't going to be able to scream.

When he got close, a few feet away, he stopped. His right hand came up slowly from his side.

Is Janet in danger? Why is Strachey Smith hiding in the South Seas? What is in René Claessens' second letter—the one to be opened when the rope of pearls is completed? Don't miss the second chapter of this action-packed mystery novel—in Liberty next week.

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BY WALTER KARIG

NO MORE BRAIN TRUST?

WHY CORCORAN

A lively, eye-opening look at "Tommy the Cork"—and the answer to a New Deal riddle

THOMAS G. CORCORAN is going to have to learn a whole new routine if he intends to be employed as counsel by anybody except master detectives and bloodhound breeders.

Did you want to see "Tommy the Cork"? Did the New Deal's bogey in chief want to see you? Your adventure was something like this:

Up to the eighth floor of an office building a block from the White House. Down a long corridor to the last door on the right—a door whose ground-glass panel is blank. No answer to your knock. No response to the rattled knob. You rap again. The door opens a scant six inches, revealing a petite, vivid brunette.

"Are you Miss Knack? Is this Mr. Corcoran's office?"

The door begins to close as the young lady says: "Who are you? Perhaps I can help you."

Through the last inch of the opening your self-identification is hurled. "And I had an appointment!"

"Come in."

The door clicks so closely behind you that your shadow is left in the hall. Mr. Corcoran has not returned. He is expected any minute. Many, many later, a cabalistic knock—rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat rat-tat! The young woman darts to the door. The spring lock clicks.

A man of medium height is suddenly in the room and the door locked behind him. He looks like a cherub with reddish-brown hair. A sharp look, a cordial greeting, propulsion to the inner office, and—you're in!

Be it said in defense of Tommy Corcoran that he had to make himself hard to catch because people were forever after him. But he has loved this hocus-pocus and mystery. Also, it has contributed a great deal to the hostile suspicion with which he came to be regarded by friends and foes of the administration.

A lot has been written about Tommy the Cork, most of it the bunk. Few know that he was brought to Washington by President Hoover; and even fewer that he was nearly fired in the early New Deal days. That was before Roosevelt learned that Corcoran personally held many ideas in common with the President.

It is of record that he was brought to Washington by Hoover on his reputation for being an adroit young banker-lawyer made to order for the staff of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. He was then not yet thirty-two, but he was Thomas G. Corcoran, A. B., LL. B., S. J. D. He had graduated from Pawtucket, Rhode Island, High School at the age of seventeen, in 1918; he took his first degree at Brown, his others from Harvard; was picked by Felix Frankfurter in 1926 to be Supreme Court Justice Holmes' clerk, and served in that capacity two years. Then he became a junior partner in the New York law firm of Cotton & Franklin—now Wright, Gordon, Zachry & Parlin, for which Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., is working as a law clerk at $2,100 a year.

The true story of how Dr. Corcoran became "Tommy the Cork" is even more interesting than the Corcoran mythology. He was brought into the federal picture in 1932 as assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury, assigned to RFC, and he was also a special assistant to the Attorney General. When Roosevelt carried the RFC virtually intact into his administration, Corcoran went along.

Tommy, in his time, has tangled with almost everybody in the administration except the President, but his first brush was with his new boss, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, and in it he was associated, oddly enough, with then Director of the Budget Lewis W. Douglas and Under-Secretary Dean G. Acheson. The conflict was over Morgenthau's policy of buying gold above the market price. In 1933 Acheson was forced out, and Douglas resigned in 1934. Corcoran knew he was next to go, so he took counsel with his friend Stanley Reed, then head of the law works in RFC, with the result that in 1935 Tommy moved out of the Treasury into RFC. He took with him eight aides, including his redheaded secretary Peggy Dowd, who became Mrs. Corcoran last year.

He had already impressed President Roosevelt by his work in drafting the laws which established the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Securities and Exchange Commission. His argument of the TVA case before the Supreme Court greatly impressed Roosevelt. His job on the public-utility holding companies' legal execution put him into the White House inner circle. The President took a great fancy to this young man who could outsmart and outargue the highest paid private legal talent in the United States.

Tommy's duties with RFC swiftly became less than nominal as Roose-

velt drafted him to frame laws, deliver orders to Capitol Hill, and pry into the qualities of men recommended for important federal jobs. Besides, he occasionally played the role of court jester and he became "Tommy the Cork" in company with "Harry the Hop" Hopkins, "Henry the Morgue" Morgenthau, etc.

The Cork and the Morgue were never chummy, and eventually the Cork and the Hop were on the outs. Hopkins did not care for Corcoran's political hatchet work and frequently complained to the President—who frequently had put Tommy's capacity for ruthlessness to work because he himself had no stomach for saying "No" or "Get out."

Corcoran hit off this Roosevelt weakness by observing that "the only way out in this administration is up." He fitted into Roosevelt's need the way Sonja Henie fits into skating tights, and he never lost favor with the President, although at times he was fighting with F. D.'s other intimates. His last scrap was with Boss Flynn of the Bronx, Jim Farley's successor as Democratic National Chairman. If Corcoran has labored consistently for one goal, it is to put into the government service zealous young men of special training and potential ability. When Flynn moved into Washington, the New I-Dealists quickly caught on that it was with the intention of providing jobs for deserving Democrats.

"You can't do things in the 'good old way' any more," Corcoran said. "The situation is too serious."

But Mr. Roosevelt, busy with larger affairs, showed no disposition to stay Flynn's plans. He had just assented to Secretary of the Navy Knox's importunities to put a personal appointee in the place of Assistant Secretary Lewis Compton, who had supervised the construction of America's new navy for four years.

But that's ahead of the story of Corcoran's career. By 1937 he was

ETTING OUT

Roosevelt's main trouble shooter and fixer. The first wreckage he was told to rehabilitate was the "court-packing" plan. It has been written that it was Corcoran's idea to club the conservatives off the bench. Not so. The then Attorney General, Homer S. Cummings, and a coterie of Justice boys sold that bill of goods to the President, and when a shocked Congress went on strike Corcoran was asked to unscramble the egg.

It was a hopeless job, followed by one almost as much so. The next year, 1938, was the Year of the Great Purge. Senator George of Georgia had been decidedly anti-New Deal. When Governor Rivers of Georgia made known his ambition to be a United States senator, the President promised to back him against George for the Democratic nomination. When Rivers was persuaded not to make the race, it left the President in the embarrassing position of having come out against George with nobody to back. So Tommy was ordered to go to Georgia and come as near picking a winner as he could.

Senator Gillette of Iowa was another on the purge list. The New Dealers picked Representative Otha Wearin for his successor. Then Harry Hopkins went so far as to say, "If I were still in Iowa I would vote for Wearin"; but Henry Wallace, who was expected to do the most, remained mum. Probably Wallace had his eye on the 1940 nomination for President and did not want to offend the Cunningham machine in his home state. Or maybe not. Anyway, Tommy went a-Machiavelling all over the cotton fields and corn fields, beating drums to which few fell in step.

However, he had his triumph in New York, where the veteran John O'Connor was defeated. O'Connor had fought Corcoran's utilities holding bill, and as chairman of the all-powerful Rules Committee had been a dagger at Tommy's throat all the time. Tommy's first triumph had been in keeping O'Connor out of the House majority leadership, and eventually the Speakership. He whispered the word that the White House did not want O'Connor, brother though he was to Roosevelt's law partner, and John went progressively out of the national scene.

A list of those whose appointments to office bear Tommy's O. K. reads like a New Deal Who's Who. There was the recently resigned O. John Rogge, Assistant Attorney General and nation-wide terror of the political boodle gangs; Assistant Attorney General Francis M. Shea; United States Attorney Cahill of the Southern District of New York; Federal Power Commission Chairman Leland Olds; Federal Communications Commission Chairman James L. Fly and the commission's counsel Telford Taylor; former SEC Chairman, now Defense Commissioner, Leon Henderson; William Youngman, general counsel of the Power Commission. And many, many others.

Look at the Roosevelt appointees to the Supreme Court: former Senator Hugo Black, close collaborator with Corcoran in the war against the utility holding companies; Stanley F. Reed, Tommy's close friend, political rescuer, and erstwhile boss; Felix Frankfurter; William O. Douglas, whom Corcoran championed for chairmanship of the SEC; and Frank Murphy, who as Attorney General worked more closely in harmony with Corcoran than anybody. It would be going too far to say that Tommy was responsible for any Supreme Court appointments, but a clear majority of the court consists of men with whom he has had intimate friendship, close collaboration, and an extraordinary community of ideas.

Tommy has been on the inside in Washington as no other individual. He thwarted the powerful Jim Farley's ambition to become Governor of New York in 1938 by herding all the New Deal influence behind Bob Jackson. In the end Governor Lehman was renominated and re-elected. Even then Corcoran was planning and working for a third term for President Roosevelt, when F. D. himself was against it. There is no better springboard for the Presidency than the governorship of New York, and Tommy wanted to make sure that Farley would not occupy it. Vice-President Garner was another antagonist Tommy took on, since Cactus Jack was both an influential anti-New Dealer and a Presidential aspirant.

Tommy was the undercover worker when Senator Pat Harrison was defeated by one vote in the fight for the Senate leadership which Alben Barkley "won." In the 1940 election, Tommy was in charge of the independent vote. Repository of state secrets, leader of the New Deal shock troops, single-minded servitor of the President, he never asked anything for himself and he has kept a certain intellectual independence through it all. Also, he found time in those crowded years to learn to be an expert swimmer and to play the accordion with professional zip.

Why is he giving this exciting life up?

He says it's because he's forty and has a family, including a new baby daughter who cannot inherit or live on a political reputation. And besides, the era of reform is over. Now the New Deal's effort is to consolidate its gains, to hold them against the assaults of the conservatives and reactionaries—and Tommy is no defensive fighter. And he does not want to be a politician. Least of all, some of us suspect, does he want to be in the Tammany kind of politics Chairman Flynn directs.

Tommy Corcoran was never conspicuous in Washington, except as a name. Sociability would have destroyed his effectiveness and he would have been bedeviled by the importunate. So he surrounded himself with mystery.

Once he was the victim of his own mumbo jumbo. Newly married, he was in New York and telephoned his bride in his Washington home.

"That number has been changed," the operator informed him. "I am sorry, but it is an unlisted telephone and I am not permitted to give it to you."

In vain Tommy insisted that he was calling his own home. The telephone company was under those orders. And the genius whose arguments had swayed an inimical Supreme Court could not budge the telephone operator from her duty.

THE END

A man only *half* die

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

TOOK was a big black giant of a free Negro, and in the town of Lexington, Kentucky, in 1822 there weren't many people who didn't know him. Lots of folks would have given a good virgin strip of tobacco land to own him; and most everybody said it was a living wonder he hadn't come to a bad end by this time, and that was a fact.

Mr. Lide Truber used to say Took was born mean. Just look at him —blue-black, Samson-strong, uglier than original sin! Footing it along Cheapside, head down, big flat hands swinging against his knees, he was enough to give a person a nightmare wide awake. Mr. Lide Truber used to nudge the other men and point him out.

But Took was just low in his mind and heavy troubled when he walked that way, most of the time. Like today.

Today was Monday Court Day, and he wanted to catch Mr. Ned West before he left his fine big house on Mill Street and Hill Road. He made haste because Mr. Ned West knew how to counsel a man, white or black. Mr. Ned West had kind eyes and sweet bones.

Took went, careful and polite, around by the house servants' cabin and rattled the gate latch smartly, so as not to walk up on any of them and give them a scare. The very fact that he was free to come and go laid a caution on him not to flaunt himself before belonging darkies.

That hifalutin Dove-a-Peace that cooked for Miss Sally and Mr. Ned had to begin taking on, just the same, and say she lost her wits, looking up to see a regular old Goliath standing there twiddling the gate latch.

Took opened the gate and Dove-a-Peace hushed, but she kept her mouth stuck out to show she thought little of free people of color and practically nothing of Took.

"Mistah Ned ter home?"

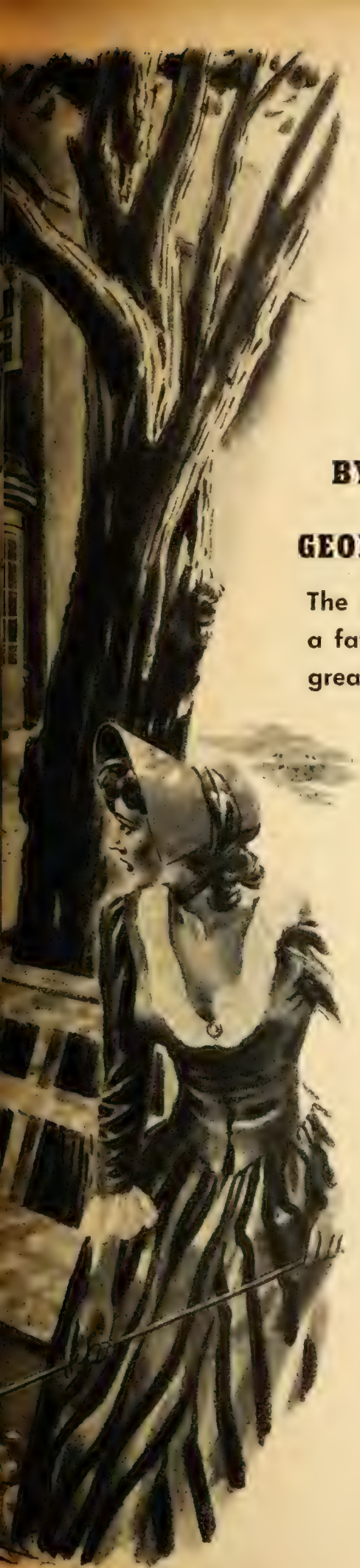
"I ain't sayin' he is."

"I 'bleeged ter chat him."

"Say you is? *He* ain't 'bleeged ter chat nobody, let alone you. He low in he mind. Mighty low."

"That's funny, now," Took said, brightening. "My min' is low, same as his'n. What make poah Mistah Neddie low?"

"Maybe John Bedford ought to print a line warning skinflints not to tamper with a freedman's papers."



BY CLARK McMEEKIN with GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

The strange and stirring story of a father's sacrifice — and a love greater than the boon of freedom

"Young gemmun git hisse'f drowned in dat Eyetalian place."

Took felt his very scalp crawl cold. "Not li'l' William Edward, not Mistah Ned's own deah boy?"

"Naw; not him. He ovah yondah 'broad, jes' a-paintin' all de fine ladies an' gemmun an' cuttin' up right. Dis drowned young gemmun named Marse Shelley. He writ in de po'try books. I heah de talk. Young Marse William Edward done paint de onliest life-likeness in de worl' ob Marse Shelley. Doctah Sam Browne say hit's a fac'."

"Well, suh! Ain't he peart!"

Miss Sally West, Mr. Ned's wife, came out from the wide through-hall, and Took bowed and shuffled his feet and asked after her health.

"I'm well disposed," Miss Sally said, and she looked it, with her curly red hair and fine silk quilted dress. "Step in out of the sun, Took. Mr. Ned's in the library."

"The young ladies is nicely, too?" Took scraped his feet on the edged boot iron by the back steps.

"Both away at school in Maryland," Miss Sally said with pretty pride.

"Is dat a fac', now?" Took asked, though of course he and everybody else in Fayette County knew that.

Wasn't Mr. Ned West's nail-making factory the talk of the countryside, let alone the state? Better than five thousand pounds of nails a day, cut and headed by machinery! And nails shipped all the way to Pittsburgh! New houses sprouting up like pole beans. No telling what Mr. Ned would think up next.

He always was a plain out wonder at making things, and most everything he did prospered. All except his steamboat. . . .

As Took ducked his big bullet head to clear the library doorway, Ned West quickly laid aside an old and yellowed newspaper he had been reading. Took knew what that paper was. Hadn't he been loitering outside the Sheaf-of-Wheat Inn the very night Mr. Fielding Bradford put it in Mr. Ned's hand? Hadn't he seen Mr. Ned go right out and stand by himself and look up at the sky, looking mighty sad?

"Oh, God, I was too late!" Took had been sure he'd caught those words. He never could forget them.

Now he went to great pains not to appear to notice the old paper. . . . "Mighty pleased to see you so peart, Mistah Ned," he said quickly. "Eb'rything lookin' mighty fine. House gittin' fancifieder eb'ry yeah. Truf an' no mistake."

Ned West's tired eyes brightened. "Pretty nice place, I reckon. Pleases Miss Sally, and that's the main thing. Her heart was set on a spinet from Philadelphia and furniture by Peter Bitt."

"Mighty sorry ter heah 'bout dat young Marse Shelley a-gittin' hisse'f drownded. I is foh a fac'."

"My son painted his portrait, his only life portrait. I have his letter here. Rest your back on that bench, Took, and I'll read it to you." It made Took proud to know Mr. Ned could still ease himself talking to him, as in the old days.

"'I call it my—as Byron tells me—matchless likeness of Shelley, youthful texture of skin, eyes deep blue, staglike beaming . . . The human being crowned by genius . . .'"

"Sho was well favo'd," Took said politely.

Ned West picked up the old newspaper. "This paper tells about a death, too. The death of my dream. Remember?"

"Yassuh. Sho do."

"I failed. I was too late. But I have one satisfaction."

"Yassuh. Yo' fine nail 'chin'ry."

"Not nails." The white man's voice was low, angry. "Never nails. It's my son, William Edward. My hopes are dead, but maybe they helped his to live. . . . 'He only half dies who leaves an image of himself in his sons.'"

"He always could draw good," Took said encouragingly. "I mind his drawin' off Miz Letchah on a poplah shingle, so plain hit seem lak she goin' roll huh eye an' speak out."

"I'm going to do something I'd have been better off doing a long time ago," Ned West said. He crumpled the old paper and set it ablaze on the grate with a sulphur spunk, and the flame turned blue and wound round it like Miss Sally's spinning floss.

"Day dat papah come de day my 'oman, Tancie, bawn my boy Zeptha. Named foh me, 'cep'n' I got called Took. Zeptha's the right ob it."

Ned West looked up quickly. "He's a fine big fellow."

"Mistah Lide Trubah whip him yestiddy. Whip him bad."

"I'll go to Truber again," Ned West said, hard and quick. "He'll be at Court Day sure. I'll do my best to buy Zeptha."

Took shook his head. "He ain't let you, suh. He say dey's a blood feud 'twixt us. He say by rights he ought ter hab me, an' widout me he aim ter keep Zeptha, an no mistake 'tall."

"Don't try to run away with him again. They'll catch you."

"Mebbe so an' mebbe not." Took's eyes were deep burning coals. "I mighty oneasy, Mistah Ned. Does he whip Zeptha ag'in, I scairt I'll retch out a han' an' break him 'cross my shinbone."

"That won't help Zeptha." Ned West stood up and looked down at Took. "I'll go and pay Truber whatever he asks."

"You mighty good ter me, suh. But he ain't sell Zeptha."

"Go out back and ask Dove to give you some bacon and biscuits, and get yourself a gourd of spring water. I'll be back directly. Hear me?"

"Yassuh." Took bent his head and his big mouth was shaking. "But Mistah Lide ain't listen, Mistah Neddie. You know he ain't. I mind de way he look at me, fust day I come heah. He ain't nevah change he eye."

The door closed after Ned West. Away in the big double parlor, Miss Sally was tinkling out a tune on her spinet. Dove tramped past the library door and looked in, but Took just sat still and prayed. "From de fust day, Lawd . . ."

And then he couldn't go on, because the first day came back so sharp and plain it hurt his chest. He could feel his eighteen-year-old feet again, calloused from the hot miles, dipping into the cool of the Town Fork yonder. He could feel his freedom papers, left him by his pappy, against his skin under his old hemp belt. He could remember running to this very house—no, it was different in 1794. It was a little house then, and the front room was a shop.

THERE wasn't a soul on Mill Street and Took was hungry. He stood there looking in the window at a young bright-haired white man tinkering with a little bit of a watch. And then he noticed a big new-iced cake set out to harden in a window, and he stepped over quietlike and reached for it.

"Don't you touch that cake!" Ned West looked up at the brawny black boy with the red-rimmed eyes and sullen mouth.

"I'se hongry." Took glanced up the empty street. "Plain out cake-hongry."

"So'm I." Ned West put down the little watch. "I'd hate to have to take you to Mr. Pullam's jail. Who's your master?"

"I'se a free niggah. Cain't no jail hold me. I got papahs."

"Free as a jay bird," Ned West said, "and cake-hungry."

In two easy steps Took was inside the shop. He stood and looked around, slow and defiant. And right then and there he knew, and showed that he knew, that he was too powerful to be afraid of any one man, white or black.

"I kin heft a full-size hawg, let alone a fattenin' shoat, wagon high." He saw the white man look, just look, at the row of guns on a rack. "I kin bust a gun bar'l. Bend an' bust hit right."

"You might could bust one. How many do you reckon I'd let you bust before I put my initials in you with gunshot?" The white man's voice never did sound mad. "Get on down to the old slough below my springhouse and wash the caked mud off your heels. Shake the dust and straw out of your knappy head and come back to the kitchen decent for your supper. . . . Cake too, maybe."

After that Took came often to the Wests' back steps for his supper. He said what pretty and smart little chaps the West children were, and now and then he did a few chores.

But he wouldn't work very long, even for Mr. Ned. He wouldn't say whereabouts he had a shack in the woods. He never forgot his freedom.

"I ain't same as a good hoss runnin' loose," he used to say when the men were after him to break hemp for them. "I ain't hankerin' ter git tied up in nobody's stable. No indeedy!"

"You'd make a mighty fine field hand. Make good money."

"Thankee kindly. I'll study 'bout hit."

"What you frettin' about? Got freedom papers, ain't you?"

"Aims ter keep 'em, too. I got 'em hid good."

The cook at the Sheaf-of-Wheat used to save chitterlings and pot likker for Took. And the men loafing under the shade trees outside said, "See the size of that buck! It's a sin to see. He don't know his strength—don't know the half."

They talked right out, as they would have about a stray dog or a flea-bitten mule. They didn't count him for anything.

In turn, Took was contemptuous of them. Didn't Mr. John Bradford and Mr. Ned West and their friends speak most kindly to him before they went into the Sheaf for cold sirloin and ale? But the idlers whittled and passed remarks and their eyes were chill and greedy.

Took heard them talking and thought how easy it would be to crack their heads like his pappy told him he used to crack the big nuts in the far country. And he got to passing by them two or three times and thinking about that. . . .

"GOT a mind to take a black snake to that buck," Lide Truber said one white-hot July day. "He hangs around town too much. A nigger that big belongs in a hemp field. This one's spoiling for trouble . . . got his eye on a yellow girl down to my place."

Somebody laughed. "One more pickaninny for you. Big one, too."

"I might smoke out his shack in the woods," Lide went on.

"Where's the shack at? How you goin' to find it?"

"I got two bits that says it's in the Big Sink," Lide said.

But he dropped his voice low because Took was right up on them now.

Took said, "Mawnin'" and "Howdy, gemmun," and made haste to get on, his bones watering with an old fear. The considering look in Mr. Lide Truber's eyes reminded him of his own half-starved hound dog watching him eat a piece of backbone. A cold-out mean and hankering look.

"What's your hurry, Took?" Lide Truber asked.

"Ain't no hurry, suh."

"What's this I hear about you?" Lide nudged the next man.

"I ain't know," Took said politely. "I ain't know nuffin'."

"That's the truth," Lide said to the group, and then he raised his voice. "I see you're writ up in Mr. John Bradford's Gazette. First paper west of the Alleghenies, too. Now, boy, that's somethin'!"

"Yes, *suh!* Yes indeedy!" Took hadn't the slightest idea what they were talking about or why they were laughing.

AIN'T you proud, Took?"

"Yes, *suh!* Mighty proud, please de Lawd."

"See?" Lide addressed the men. "He says he's proud." He stared at Took. "It's all writ here. It says you're a thief."

"Whar is hit writ?" Took looked with horror at the paper.

"Right here. If you don't feel like reading, I'll read."

"Naw, suh, I ain't feel like readin' terday," Took said humbly.

"Listen, then. 'You are advised not to tamper with corn and vegetables around Hill Road and Mill, as these have been poisoned to trap thieving Indians'—*and* the free nigger named Took."

Took ran his tongue around his lips. They watched him.

"What made you steal 'em?" Lide Truber asked, and grinned.

"I was hongry."

"Get your free papers, and maybe I can keep you out of the jailhouse. Mr. West is bound he'll get you," Lide said.

A crafty look changed Took's dull black face.

"Got 'em on you?" Lide stood up, and the group tensed.

"What's it to you, white man?" Took's hands twitched.

"By heaven, you won't talk like that to me!" Lide Truber let go with his brass-toed boot straight into Took's big shin, and Took reached out with a terrible slow deliberation and his hands closed around Lide Truber's neck bones. The jaws of the onlookers slacked; they yelled bloody murder.

Ned West must have heard the commotion from the Inn, because he came down the Sheaf steps whistling as if nothing much was the matter, but in two shakes he had loosed Took's terrifying big fingers from Lide Truber's throat.

"Ask Mr. Truber's pardon, Took," Ned West said quietly. "Mr. Truber is having eye trouble and he needs spectacles. He didn't aim to kick you, I'm sure. He was mistaken about the Gazette, too. It doesn't say you stole the vegetables. It only says

'thieving Indians.' Get on about your business."

So Took said he was sorry, and he moved off a little and pulled a dock leaf to wipe the blood off his shin.

And Mr. Ned West talked easy and friendly to the men, calling them by their names. He said he was writ up in the Gazette, too. He asked if any of them had noticed that.

Somebody laughed then and said maybe they had. And Ned West pointed out the line reprehending "citizens in the town who light fires in their houses with rifles."

Lide Truber didn't look at the paper. He said, "I'll even my score with that murdering black hog-heaver, if it's the last act of my breathing life."

Quick as scat, Ned West said: "Maybe John Bradford ought to print a line warning skinflints not to tamper with a freedman's papers. We don't want trouble to be ashamed of here in Lexington, do we, men?"

A thin young tenant farmer said that was right, they didn't. And old Uncle Milt Morgan spoke up quaveringly:

"How did you light that air fire, Neddie?"

"Punk and chips and a powder flash. Bet you've done it, Uncle Milt. You ought to remember the old days."

"Oh, I remember the old days all right." Uncle Milt blinked his rheumy eyes and moved in his rush-bottom chair to take the weight off his bad hip. "I mind 'em good. We used a rifle for somethin' better'n lightin' fires of a rainy mornin'. We had varmints a-plenty, but we had buffalo too. I killed a many a one. Buffalo meat is good meat. . . . Boone counted me a considerable man in those days. . . ."

Lide Truber sat down in his chair and didn't glance at Took again. Just sat and smoked, his fingers curled about the stem of his corncob.

"I mind when Main Street yonder wasn't nothin' but a path through the jimson weeds." Uncle Milt dearly loved to talk. "A fact. Smelled so strong on a hot day you like to choke. An' you could lose a hawg ten feet either side of the path, too. I mind a old sow I had—half Duroc-Jersey she were . . ."

MR. NED eased away, and Took followed him down the street.

"Thankee kindly, Mistah Ned. You got me out ob bad trouble."

Mr. Ned didn't answer; just swung along ahead, whistling.

"Reckon you think mighty bad ob me, stealin' yo' beans."

"How'd you ever come to be free, anyway, Took?"

Took tried to tell him. It was all plain in his mind. How his pappy had been a powerful man, a stevedore on the river in the trade to New Orleans. How he gave his masters trouble and begged night and day to be free. How one night a barge loaded with tobacco got loose and swagged down, and Took's pappy, Brown Zeptha, was the only one who'd try to right it after two good stevedores drowned. And he did right it, and secured it, but someway he got his back broke doing it. . . .

"His marse was sorry, seein' he was dyin'." Took scratched his head, trying to think it all back. "He give him what mah pappy wanted. Freedom papahs foh him an' me. Mah pappy say go whar I please an' do what I want. On'y don't lose de papahs."

"You don't use the freedom very well that your pappy died for, Took." Took was quiet, and Ned said, "I wonder if you deserve it. . . . I'd like to see you get a job and do it right."

"I might an' I mightn't," Took said warily. "But I suah Lawd goin' stop stealin'. My mind set good on dat."

That night Took stayed away from Tancie, the yellow girl down at the Truber place. And he stayed off Cheapside, too. He went down to Mr. Ned West's house, and he lay out in the grass under the window, because he had a good feeling of being safe there. Inside he could see the flicker of the bear-grease lamp and he could hear Mr. Ned talking to his friend Mr. Bradford.

And Took stretched himself and lay there, feeling the night feels, smelling them, hearing the sounds. . . . He picked up a little snake hunting water in the garden, and pinched off its silly flat head, and thought he'd make a skin arm band out of it for Tancie, like his pappy told him about and like he half remembered after all this time. . . .

And he kept thinking about that yellow girl down at Mr. Lide Truber's. . . . He thought how he loved to put his hands on her strong wide shoulders and rub his thumbs along the high bones where her neck column rose soft and warm. She had bead rings in her ears and her eyes were white-bright in the moon. And he ached and was lonesome and low in his mind. . . .

When Mr. Bradford left. Mr. Ned came out and sat on the step. His eyes were bright and wide awake. He said, "Hello, Took. You still hungry?"

"I got mah mind on a yelleh gal. I prancin' ter git dat gal, Mistah Ned. Big peart gal down ter Mistah Lide Trubah's."

Ned West swore softly. "Let her alone, you damned fool. You got no business hanging around Truber's. Trouble's sure to come of it later on. Keep your eye out for a free woman. One will come along. Go down to the Town Fork dam and get to work. They're fixing it for the steamboat trial."

So Took went to work with the others, readying the dam.

Mr. Ned had made a boat model. It was going to run by steam. It was the talk of the town. Mr. Lide Truber and some others were betting money and tobacco that it wouldn't run.

Took prayed to the new gods and the old that Mr. Ned's little steamboat would run all around the pond they were damming. And if it busted, as some said it would, he prayed it would bust on Mr. Lide Truber, and bust as hot as brimstone in the gates of hell.

The day of the boat trial seemed like a judgment day. So Took went down early and got a place in a sycamore up over the water. And pretty soon Mr. Ned West carried the boat model down and set it in the water and fired it up and it steamed and smoked.

Mr. Ned was bending down to work on it, and the noise got loud inside it, and the big close-packed crowd hushed. And then that boat chugged right off through the water, and

"You can use the same speeches for twenty years, senator—but you can't kiss the same babies!"

everybody cheered and threw their nice hats in the air.

Took's voice started low and went high in a howl, an old howl of glee and triumph. He was proud that day. Everybody said Mr. Ned was making history. When he set up his nail factory he'd make big money. Enough to build a man-carrying boat; like the little one, only big as all outdoors.

Now and then, in the years that came along, Took asked Mr. Ned when he was going to build the big boat. And Mr. Ned said presently, when the new house was done and the children educated.

Every time Took told him how the yellow girl made him hurt and hanker, Mr. Ned said, "Wait for a free woman. Let her alone." He said Took had a dream like he did. They must both wait. . . .

But one night when the moon was high, Took knew he had waited all he could. He went to the Truber place and carried the yellow girl right off with him to his woods shack. She was glad to go with him, but in the dawn she got scared and sneaked back to her cabin on Mr. Truber's land.

For a long time she went with Took, but in the daytime she always went back to the cabin.

One night Mr. Truber trailed her and caught them, and Took thought the very time had come when he must kill him. He picked up a slab of limestone to crush his skull in; but Mr. Truber said, very gentle, that he had plumb forgot his mad against Took.

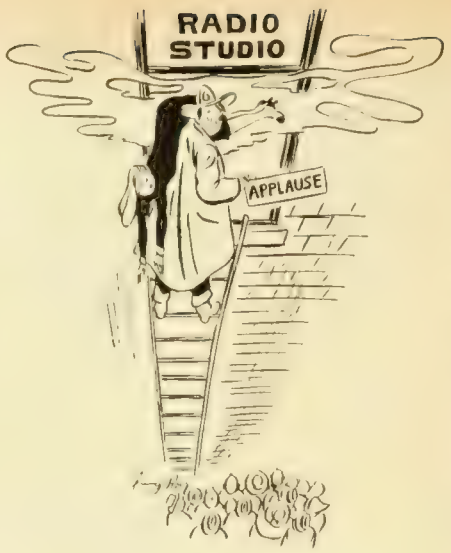
He said Took could live in Tancie's cabin, and he'd take the freedom papers to keep safe. Took wouldn't give up his papers, but he could see that it was nice for Tancie to stay more in her own comfortable cabin these days. . . . Now and then he did a piece of work for Mr. Lide Truber, and Mr. Lide couldn't help showing his astonishment at what Took could do.

THE day Zeptha was born, Took went around in the evening to tell Mr. Ned West. He found him in the Sheaf-of-Wheat, saw the gentlemen standing around quiet and uneasylike. Saw the newspaper crushed in Mr. Ned's hand when he came out of the Inn and stood there by himself, talking to God. . . .

Behind him, in the Inn, the crowd was toasting Fulton's boat, the Clermont. Somebody said that like as not, this very minute, that boat was running all over the Hudson River. But Mr. Ned was crying, all by himself. And Took slipped away, heavy troubled.

He found Mr. Truber down at the cabin to see the baby. He said he was a big boy, all right. Looked like a prime hemp hand already. . . . Mr. Truber smiled at Took, and Took shivered in the warm cabin.

When Tancie was able to work again, Took used to keep Zeptha in the woods with him, to take him out



from underfoot. It was a help to Tancie. And Mr. Truber never said anything.

Took loved that baby till he was afraid sometimes he'd hurt him. He was extra smart—no doubt of that. He could climb, and swim too, by the time he could walk. He followed Took everywhere, and you could pretty nearly see him grow.

Tancie died the bad winter of 1814, the very year the British fired on Washington and burned one of Mr. Ned's little boat models in the museum there.

Took was sorry to hear about that. He mourned Tancie, too. But somehow Zeptha crowded everything else from him.

Zeptha was seven, straight as a wagon tongue and finer to look at than Took or Tancie or anybody else ever dreamed of. He would hunt and fish with his pappy. Just overnight, it looked like, he changed from a wild little jungle baby, rolling in the dust in the full of the moon, to a boy with strong hands and muscles smooth and limber as dressed rawhide. . . .

One day he threw a rock and brought a squirrel right down out of a tree crotch. Way up there. Took bragged about that. Mr. Lide Truber said that was fine. He said it was time for Zeptha to quit the woods and get to work.

That was the night Took ran away with Zeptha. They didn't get very far, because Mr. Truber had an uncommon good tracking hound. And Mr. Lide Truber talked plain to Took. Zeptha was a child of Tancie, and by law property of Mr. Truber. He had a gun with him, so Took could see he meant business.

IT was high noon when Took heard Mr. Ned West coming back from seeing Mr. Lide Truber. He was walking slowlike. He came in and stood there, blinking in the dim, after the sun outside.

"You asleep, Took? I thought I told you—"

"Yassuh, you did. But I ain't hongry, Mistah Ned. I been settin' heah thinkin'."

"I don't know how to say this, Took."

"Don't haf ter, suh. I know he ain't goin' sell Zeptha."

"It's a damned shame. I'll try again later on."

Took shook his head. "I kin trade mah freedom papahs ter Zeptha. Us got de same name."

"I don't believe Lide Truber will do that."

"Won't trade me foh a chap?" Took stood up with a strange new dignity. "He 'bleeged ter. Heap ob gemmun 'low dey pick me 'stead ob any three hands in Fayette County."

"You've been free a long time. You won't like belonging."

"Time I tried hit, Mistah Ned. Mah boy ain't free. I want him ter be . . . well, I ain't ter say I want him ter be *somethin'*. I just wants him ter be *li'l'* somethin'. I got a half acre an' a lean-to. You'll fix de papahs so's hit'll be his'n."

"Suppose Lide Truber whips you, Took."

"I ain't kill him 'count ob Zeptha. I'll set mah mind."

"You're sure, Took—sure you want to do this?"

"I'm suah I *got* to, Mistah Ned. Would you mind sayin' de words ovah what you said a while back? 'Bout li'l' William Edward 'cause he paint young Marse Shelley so nice?"

Ned West didn't have to puzzle for the words. Carefully, slowly he said them, so that Took could hear and remember.

"'He only half dies who leaves an image of himself in his sons.'"

"Thankee, Mistah Ned. I ready ter go, if you is."

Ned West put his hand on Took's shoulder and they went out of the house and down the street together.

THE END

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

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Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	San Antonio	KABC 8:00 C.S.T.
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Here's how TO PASS YOUR 1941 "BAR" EXAMS!

CROWN COLLINS

Put three ice cubes into a 10 or 12 oz. glass—to cool it. Into cocktail shaker, put juice of ½ lemon and ½ lime; add 1 teaspoon granulated sugar. Add jigger of Seagram's 5 Crown. Shake; strain into glass; fill with soda. Garnish with slice of lemon and cherry. NOTE: 5 Crown's greater *mix-ability* makes it ideal for soda drinks.

MANHATTAN

Place ice cubes in mixing glass. Add dash of Bitters, 1 part sweet Vermouth, 2 parts of Seagram's 5 Crown—biggest-selling brand of the Greatest Name in Whiskey. Stir well—do not shake—and pour. Garnish with cherry. *Delicious!* Because Seagram's 5 Crown—a *blend* itself—*blends better* with other ingredients, it makes a superb Manhattan.

WHISKEY SOUR

Into a cocktail shaker, place ice cubes. Add 1 teaspoon granulated sugar, juice of ½ lemon—and jigger of *popular-priced* Seagram's 5 Crown. Shake well. Strain into 6 oz. glass. Add slice of orange. 5 Crown's *light yet full-bodied* flavor gives the finest results—makes the Whiskey Sour a glorious success.

OLD FASHIONED

In an Old Fashioned glass, place one small lump of sugar. Add 2 dashes Bitters, 1 oz. plain water or soda. Muddle thoroughly to dissolve sugar. Add 2 ice cubes and jigger of Seagram's 5 Crown. Garnish with cherry, slice of orange, lemon or pineapple. 5 Crown's *flavor richness*—and *lightness*—lift this drink to the peak of perfection.

EGG-NOG

10 servings. Take 6 fresh eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately, adding ½ lb. of sugar to whites and beat until stiff. Add well-beaten yolks to whites; beat together thoroughly. Stir in 1½ oz. rum. Add 1 qt. of smooth Seagram's 5 Crown, 1 pt. of cream, 1 pt. of milk. Stir well. Grate nutmeg on top. Serve cold, soon after preparing.

MAKES THE PERFECT HIGHBALL

Here's how...

SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE

Seagram's 5 Crown

THE BLENDED WHISKEY FOR EVERY DRINK

90 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Copyright 1941. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

HERE'S HOW TO BE A POPULAR HOST

57 recipes, games, puzzles and other ideas for successful parties in handsome 48-page book "Here's How To Pass Your 'Bar' Exams"—at your dealer—or send 10¢ with this coupon to Seagram's, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Write your name and address below. Get your copy—now.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Life begins Tomorrow

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

"GHOSTS," said the hotel clerk; "I don't know."

He was a shabby man sprawling across an armchair in the lobby of a shabbier little hotel. It was just before dawn. The clerk always sprawled at this time, when he and the hotel were at their lowest and shabbiest. Always, too, his last hour on duty was whiled away in conversation with the bellhop and the elevator boy, and conversation tends to the eerie at moments like these.

"Ghosts might be in a man's mind," the clerk said, "and then again they might not. Lots of sick people see things that aren't there. How do we know what makes us see 'em? Couldn't that be one way that folks that passed on try to help us? If you can send voices or pictures through miles of space by radio or television, isn't it possible that they are sent from the hereafter—or somewhere?"

"I never saw no ghost," said the bellhop.

"Neither did I," the clerk admitted; "but I saw a woman once that sat right in this chair and saw something. Langley was her name—Mary Langley—and she stayed here awhile before you came. She was a poor frail little thing, all eyes and hair; down on her luck, looking for a job and not getting one. She used to go out in the morning hopeful-like, and come back at night dead beat and discouraged. Always cutting out Help Wanted ads—you know the kind. Her shoes got discouraged, too, and her bill wasn't paid. I don't know how much she ate, because she didn't eat here; but she certainly wasn't putting on flesh, and there was something about her that seemed sort of wild.

"One night around three o'clock she came down from her room and sat in this chair. Something's wrong with that dame, I thought, and I never took my eyes off her. My guess was that she'd made up her mind to kill herself and hadn't the nerve. It was more than a guess, too; because I sent up to her room, and the window was wide open right over a courtyard where we'd found another woman dead only a few months before. *She* lived here, too, and *she* couldn't get a job, so she jumped from the window.

"Well, the Langley girl sat here alone, and after a while she turned her head as if she was looking at somebody standing next to her. When she got up she seemed more quiet and natural. 'That's a nice woman,' she said, 'and she made a funny remark. "Life begins tomorrow," it was. And then she told me what to do. I'm going to do it, too. So good night, and wish me luck.' It was all nuts, of course, but there was something so cheerful about the girl that I thought, She's all right now, and it's safe to let her go back to her room.

"The next night, about a quarter past six, I'd just come on duty, when Mary Langley walks up to the desk. And, boy, was she smiling! 'I got a job,' she said. 'I did what she told me, and I got the job.'

"Still nuts, I thought, but you got to humor 'em, so I clucked, 'That's swell. What kind of a job?'

"'Garrett Morgan & Sons,' Miss Langley answered, and you'll never know what a funny feeling it gave me. 'That woman I was talking to last night told me, "Go to Garrett Morgan & Sons, and ask for the old man." I did, and, honest, you'd've thought he was waiting for me. You'd've thought *he* was afraid I'd go out without getting the job. "You eat your lunch," he blurted, "and come back to work, and here's a little money to bind the bargain." That woman last night—she saved my life, and I want to ask you her name, so's I can thank her.'

"'You weren't talking to anybody last night,' I said. 'I watched you. There wasn't a soul in this lobby but you and me.'

"I guess she felt funny, too, then.

"'You're wrong,' she insisted, but with a tone of doubt in her voice. 'I was sitting over there.' She hesitated. 'I'd just tried to kill myself,' she went on kind of softly. 'It looked like a million miles to the ground. I came down here to get my nerve back, and that woman walked up to me and said what I told you. "Life begins tomorrow," she said. "Go to Garrett Morgan & Sons, and ask for the old man." She was a middle-aged woman, with an old dress, and an odd square purse of faded red leather. There was a scar on her forehead with the mark of two stitches.'

"I reached in the drawer and asked Miss Langley, 'Was this the purse she had?'

"'Yes,' she said. 'Where did you find it?'

"'That woman dropped it in your room less than a year ago,' I answered, 'and it's been in this drawer ever since. There was only a nickel in it. She was at the end of her rope, I guess; anyway, she jumped out of your window that night—just like you were going to do. The very next day somebody telephoned they'd decided to give her the job. Of course she never knew. The man was all broke up when we told him. Seemed to feel guilty, somehow. Guess he still does. His name was Morgan—"Garrett Morgan," he said, "of Garrett Morgan & Sons."'"

The clerk slapped his knees and rose.

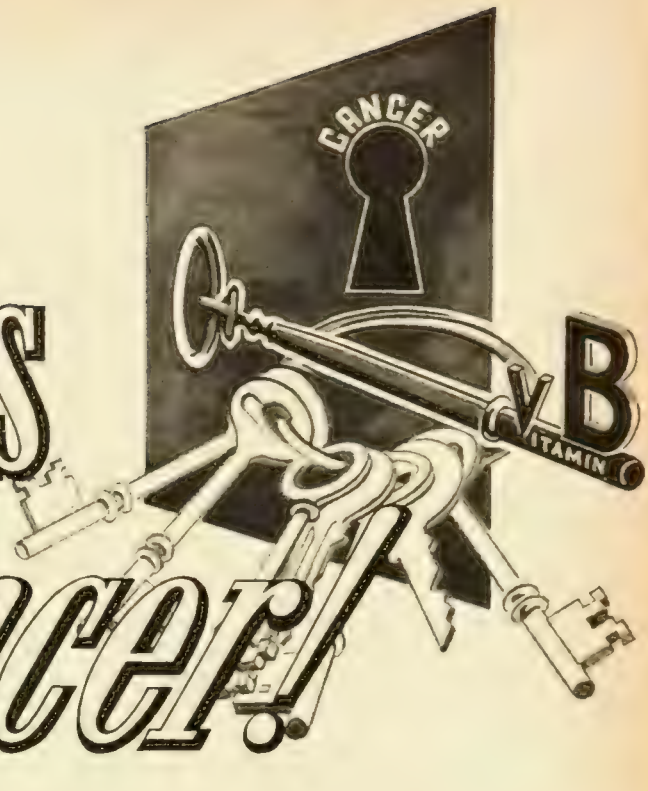
"That's all," he concluded, "except that I see the girl sometimes. She's doing swell. Who told her where to go for a job? Was it a ghost, or was it something in her own mind? And, if so, what put it there? I don't know, and you don't. All I know is, it's daylight and time to go home. Or is it? When you've seen as much as I have, kid, you stop knowing whether you really know all the things we're so sure of. There just might be something we haven't found out yet."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Great news on Cancer!



The dramatic facts about a long-fought war that is now at the verge of victory

BY MORRIS MARKEY

AT long last, medical science is at the very verge of knowing the cause of cancer. A theory of ten years' standing—ten years of research by a little group of determined men—is on the very point of bearing miraculous fruit.

This is news of tremendous importance. Half a million human beings in the United States are afflicted with cancer. During this year 150,000 of them will die of it—one out of every ten to die of any cause at all. Next year more than half a million will have cancer, for the rate of incidence has been steadily increasing by about 2 per cent a year. Unless . . .

Unless the news which I bring is true. And I am utterly convinced that it is.

At the outset let me make clear once again the universally accepted basic facts about the disease. It is not carried by germs and it is not contagious. It is found in all forms of living things, even in plants. And its fundamental nature is a disturbance of the cell structure of the body.

We all know that the body is composed of billions of tiny cells, and that its growth, the multiplication of these cells, is miraculously rapid during the period of gestation. After birth, growth is still rapid. But it has really begun to slow down at the moment of birth. There is a steadily decreasing rate of speed until maturity is reached and growth stops altogether. The heart cells, for example, multiply diligently until the heart is large enough, and then cease to multiply, except just enough to replace worn-out tissue. Such cells are law-abiding, as it were. They do not overstep their boundaries.

But in half a million of our people something has happened to that orderly process. Cells which we may call outlaws break into violent activity. They begin to multiply simply for the sake of multiplying. They grow at a prodigious rate, and they form tumors. When the tumors spread and become malignant, there is cancer.

For centuries this terrible affliction was looked upon as altogether incurable. In every corner of the world men lived in dread of it and, when it came, resigned themselves to the misery of pain and certain death. Then, in the dreary school of trial and error, doctors learned that if the tumor is discovered quickly enough it can be cut away or destroyed by X-ray or radium with no very great chance of reappearance. But if it is not, it goes on growing and breaks down of its own poisons. Fragments of it are caught into the blood stream and carried to remote parts of the body, setting up new cancers. It is impossible for knife or rays to catch up with them.

Cancer can start anywhere: skin or stomach, bone or genital system, brain or lungs. We had learned that much about it, and that there was something to be done about it, once it had started. But we had not the faintest inkling of what made it start! Countless people advanced countless theories; but there was absolutely nothing in the long-term records to bear them out. The only thing that seemed certain was that cancer never occurs in healthy tissue. It springs up only in tissues which have been injured or irritated over a long period. And yet innumerable people who suffered long irritations and all sorts of tissue injuries never developed cancer at all.

Ten years ago several English doctors associated in the clinical treatment of cancer observed that among the patients who came to them there was a high percentage of people en-

---

More than thirty years have elapsed since I became interested in the treatment of cancer through dietetic measures. Here are three similar diets which are valuable in the order given:

First, exclusive grape diet, using seed and skin for bulk. Grape juice can be used instead, although not nearly so desirable.

Second, sweet milk and raw fruit, three meals a day. Bananas, prunes, raisins, dates, oranges, or any kind of fruit can be used. Masticate the fruit with the milk.

Third, meatless diet, consisting of vegetables and fruits. Do not combine fruit and vegetables at one meal. No condiment of any kind must be used.

Never eat unless hungry. Do not mix the diets and do not add anything to the diet when testing it. A day's fast weekly with water alone is a very valuable aid.

I would like to hear from those who test one or more of these diets.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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gaged in certain occupations: chimney sweeps; workers in paraffin and tar, in luminous paints and dyestuffs. Did this mean anything?

It meant a vastly great deal. For they reasoned: "These patients, in their work, are all exposed to some form of hydrocarbon, coal-tar derivatives. Perhaps we could apply these hydrocarbons to some lower form of life and produce cancer artificially."

They did. They shaved patches of fur from rabbits and mice and rats, and brushed upon the exposed surfaces mixtures of tar and chimney soot and paraffin. And unmistakable cancer appeared within a few weeks.

Here, then, was something that caused cancer. And the nature of cancer in man and in such small animals is identical. The English doctors kept at it. After a while they were able to make in their test tubes more than fifty chemicals which would produce cancer in animals.

Now, in New York, in the Rockefeller Institute, three doctors, Konrad Dobriner, C. P. Rhoads, and George I. Lavin, said among themselves: "Yes, those hydrocarbons cause cancer in man and in animals. That is demonstrated. But why? And how?"

They prepared a large group of rabbits and mice and rats, and into each they injected one of the cancer-producing chemicals—"carcinogens." Within a little time some of the animals developed cancer; some did not. Well, they knew that would happen. But what accounted for it? Had the bodies of the unaffected animals done something to the injected chemical to prevent it from causing cancer?

From the feces and the urine of all the animals the doctors recovered in their laboratory the small quantities of the carcinogen which had passed through. They analyzed this residue. And they made the most far-reaching discovery which has yet been made in cancer research:

Within the bodies of the animals which did not contract cancer, something had happened to the artificial cancer producer. The body chemistry of those animals had done something to make it harmless to them.

Not very much. A mere atom of hydrogen and another of oxygen had been added at a certain point in each molecule. *But* when this slightly altered carcinogen was injected into fresh animals, *it proved to have completely lost its power to produce cancer!*

And such drops of the chemical as passed through the bodies of those animals which *did* contract cancer did not show the chemical change at all.

Next, the doctors tried even more powerful chemicals on new specimens. The same things happened. The same chemical change occurred in those animals which did not get cancer. There was no chemical change in those which did.

There is my news.

For everything in these careful, patient experiments leads inescapably to this belief:

1. All living things have within their own bodies the elements which can cause cancer.

2. In the normal healthy body there is a protective mechanism which renders these elements harmless.

3. But for this mechanism in normal bodies, all living things would have been exterminated ages ago.

4. It is only when the mechanism fails that the "natural" carcinogens, the cancer producers which lurk in all of us, get in their terrible work.

What makes it fail, ever?

Cautiously, as is the wont of scientific men, Dr. Rhoads expressed himself: "It appears that this conversion [i. e., this subtle change in the chemical within animals which escape cancer] represents, in a sense, the ability of the animal to protect itself against the cancer-producing chemical by rendering it harmless. . . . It is not impossible that the conversion is *controlled by a constituent of the diet.*"

And, as if in echo, came news from Japan, from the scientist Kinoshito. He fed his rats and mice and rabbits a yellow hydrocarbon dye. It immediately caused cancer of the stomach in those animals which were fed on polished rice and carrots. But it failed to do so in animals which were fed, in addition, liver, yeast, and rice hulls, all rich in vitamin B complexes.

ALL this concerns, of course, cancer artificially produced. But now to return to the statement that all living things have within themselves "natural" cancer-producing elements. I quote Dr. Louis F. Fieser, professor of organic chemistry at Harvard University:

"The availability of pure chemicals with which cancer can be produced at will for experimental study has opened up numerous new lines of cancer research. . . .

"One striking circumstance is that methylcholanthrene, one of the most potent carcinogenic hydrocarbons, can be produced in the laboratory by chemical transformations starting with *either of two acids present in the bile, or with cholesterol, a normal constituent of all tissues of the body.* Another is that the female sex hormone, oestrone, which has its origin in biological precursors of the type of cholesterol, bears a certain relationship to methylcholanthrene. Furthermore, when oestrone is given to animals in excessive doses, it *acts as a secondary exciting factor and aids in the induction of mammary tumors.*"

The italics are mine. It is becoming plain that the human body produces its own cancer-creating chemicals; that the normal, healthy body can nullify their effects; that eventually methods will be found to correct defective body chemistry and thus prevent cancer.

A corollary of vital moment is the fact that there is a tight, unmistakable chain of chemical relationship between bile acids, cholesterol, sex hormones and other hormones, the artificial cancer-producing hydrocarbons, and *vitamins.*

Which leads us another precious mile down the road. For everybody knows, by now, that vitamins are contained in the food we eat every day. And there is the stuff in all of this to fortify our belief that proper food is of enormous value in cancer prevention.

This is not a new idea, of course. From time immemorial men with neither laboratories nor volumes of scientific lore have laid down dietary laws which had their foundation in shrewd common sense. So, too, men have long realized—only instinctively, perhaps—that diet has *something* to do with cancer.

Now, on the heels of the experimental work which I have described to you, the opinions within the organized medical profession on diet in its relationship to cancer are growing far broader than they ever were before. For example, Dr. Alexander Brunschwig of the University of Chicago has written:

"There is experimental evidence to suggest that in animals, at least, inadequate diets may serve as adjuvants to the action of certain carcinogenic compounds." (In simpler language, inadequacy of vitamins may foster the work of certain cancer-producing chemicals.)

"It is perhaps not too farfetched to state that when a better understanding of the mechanism of cancer development in man is obtained, the factor of diet may assume greater importance . . . than can now be the case."

And here is the answer by a committee of the American Society for the Control of Cancer to a question posed by a group of scientific writers:

"Question: What reportable things are being done in the study of the effects of diet in preventing cancer?

"Answer: There is a vast amount

(Continued on page 24)

"It's a hooked rug—my grandmother made it and my mother hooked it."

Much bigger than anyone dreamed of

... But wait till we tell you about the surprise *we've* had!

Less than two years ago, we reduced the price of Paul Jones Whiskey, expecting a moderate increase in sales.

Instead, there stepped forth one of the fastest-selling whiskies in history! A whiskey *five times* as popular as before!

Overwhelming proof, we'd say, that people like a *dry* whiskey—a whiskey without a single trace of sweetness.

This brisk, tangy *dryness* was not news. Connoisseurs had long chosen Paul Jones. But the qualities that made Paul Jones famous also made it expensive. And many there were who simply couldn't afford it.

So we made Paul Jones a popular-priced whiskey—without changing *one* of its expensive qualities.

And, gentlemen, how your fellow countrymen responded!

Maybe you did, too. If not, do this one simple favor to your palate and your purse: Try glorious, tangy, *dry* Paul Jones—*today!*

TRY DRY **Paul Jones** TODAY!

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

PAUL JONES IS NOW FIVE TIMES AS POPULAR AS BEFORE

Here's The Tastiest,

TENDEREST POT ROAST

You Ever Ate!

The Secret—Just Half A Cup Of Heinz Gloriously Spiced Tomato Ketchup Added As Soon As The Meat Is Seared.

A FINE rich-brown pot roast cooked to a turn, moist and juicy all the way through with a deep-hued smooth gravy! That's the height of good home cooking! But many a prized pot roast recipe calls for a long list of ingredients—a tomato purée—vinegar for tenderizing the meat—sugar—a great variety of spice. All this you add today—by using Heinz Tomato Ketchup as explained in the recipes below. Most famous *seasoner* of modern times—this deft blend of Heinz prize tomatoes, vinegar, rare spice. What Heinz Tomato Ketchup does for roasts, gravies, stews, is beyond telling. Try it and taste!

1 POT ROAST WITH SPAGHETTI
Brown a 3½-lb. pot roast. Add salt, pepper, sliced onion, 1 cup water, ½ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Cook slowly three hours in Dutch oven. About 15 minutes before serving add contents of a tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. Serve roast and spaghetti on platter. Garnish with a green vegetable.

2 POT ROAST WITH VEGETABLES
Dredge a 3-lb. rolled pot roast with flour, salt and pepper. Brown. Add 1 cup water and ½ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Cook very slowly for three hours in a moderate oven (350°F.) or in the well of an electric stove. During the last hour of cooking add small whole potatoes, onions and carrots.

57 VARIETIES

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

(Continued from page 22)

of literature on this subject dating back many years . . . which cannot be rejected as without value. There is a long line of experimental research indicating pronounced effects in the growth of cancer by experimental diets. Certain diets have a remarkable capacity to prevent the occurrence of experimental cancer in animals after the use of carcinogenic agents. . . . The subject in the opinion of many has an important future in the prevention of cancer. . . ."

And it is the miracle of prevention which chiefly concerns us.

As recently as 1927, Dr. James Ewing, one of the most distinguished specialists in the study of cancer, felt moved to write in the Forum: "What the scientists mean by the cause of cancer is the ultimate cause of the malignant cell growth, *and we shall probably never know.*" (Italics mine.)

The blunt pessimism of that statement represented pretty clearly the attitude of doctors in general. Thank God, that view was not accepted by men like Dobriner and Rhoads and Lavin, like Fieser of Harvard and Kinoshito of Japan! They refused to join in such an admission of defeat. And so it comes about that here, for all to see and read, are the first thrilling signs of their victory.

EVERY authority will agree that there has been more progress in the study of cancer within the last fifty years than in all the centuries before. I do not believe it to be coincidence that this progress runs parallel to the progress which has been made in the science of diet. Only twenty years ago nobody had ever heard of a vitamin!

Twenty years ago, pellagra was as incurable as cancer is deemed to be now. And pellagra was found to be wholly a dietary disease—with the result that it is just about to disappear from the face of the earth.

We are on the right track at last. During the final stages of the search we must not neglect the time-honored precautions or the facilities for treatment which are already available:

At the first suspicion of cancer, get a doctor. If your family practitioner is not an expert in the treatment of the disease (and few family doctors can be) he will be perfectly willing to seek expert consultation. This will not be difficult, for the American College of Surgeons has established more than 300 cancer clinics throughout the country. And if it is found that you have cancer, and you are treated early enough, you stand a high chance of recovery.

Do not doctor yourself.

Do nothing without consulting a qualified physician.

Do not believe in serums or salves.

Have nothing to do with a man who (*a*) demands payment in advance, (*b*) guarantees a cure, (*c*) refuses to call in a consultant if you ask him to.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

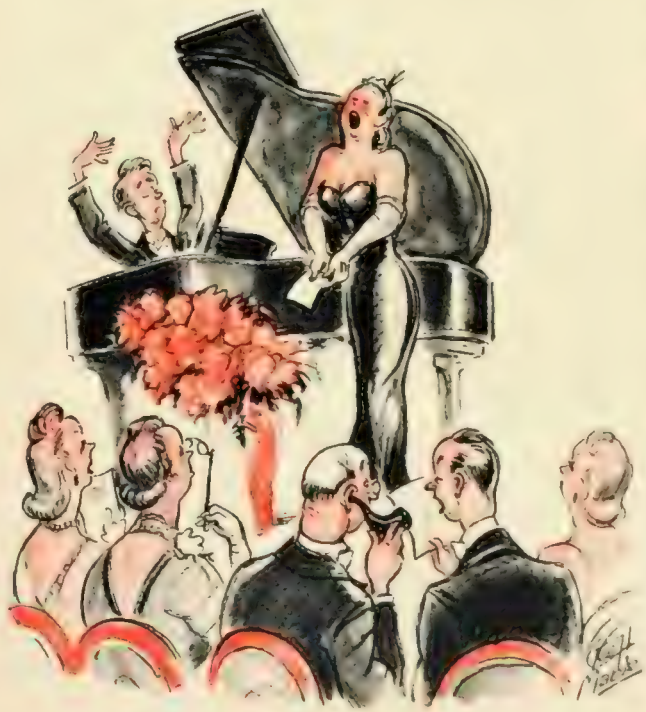
READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

IT'S no joke, the way the war has hit American women right in the face, and I don't mean politically, I mean *cosmetically*. Gloria Bristol, who specializes in skin treatment, tells me that many of our cosmetic ingredients come from places you'd never think of—places cut off from us now by battles and embargoes. The mud for our facial mud packs used to be imported from Estonia, where it was dug up out of the bottom of the Baltic Sea. Also from Estonia came a mineral salt that was the secret of the light skin-peeling process known as *shelling*. Since Russia took over the Baltic we haven't been able to bring in an ounce of Estonian salt or beauty mud. Before the war Egypt sent us the best grade of sesame oil for our hair and skin tonics. We can't get any more Egyptian sesame. Neither can we get any more French perfume bases from Grasse. South European olive oil, superior for shampoo preparations, is almost unobtainable, as are foreign color pigments needed for lipsticks and face powders. Soon our own armament program will affect our supply of acetone and collodion, without which we'll find it difficult to prettify our fingernails.

That's the gloomy side of the situation; but there's a bright side, too, Gloria Bristol explained. "From necessity," she said, "our American cosmetic industries will be obliged to develop improved methods, build up our own manufacture of color pigments, of herb and flower oils, and of soaps made from our splendid citrus fruits."

☆ March weather may raise heck with your complexion if you don't take care. To help keep warm when you walk out in the chilly wind, Gloria says that you should use a skin cream on your feet as well as on your hands. Never sleep with cream on your face, particularly in March. Wash your face *every day* with cold water and mild soap to prevent chapping. . . . At her own establishment Gloria refuses to treat any clients, female or male, who won't wash their faces with soap and water. A good many prominent men come to her for facials, including one very robust he-man novelist renowned for the hair on his chest. Gloria had to teach *him* to wash his face!

☆ A London lady tells this true story about a German flyer's oddly timed amazement at the calm of Great Britain's common people. His plane disabled, both other members of its crew shot dead by R. A. F. machine guns, he nevertheless landed safely and was captured in a suburban field across the road from a row of workers' cottages, where he saw men, women, and children standing around their dooryards as cool as cucumbers, watching the progress of the sky fight. The German stared at them, dumfounded. He spoke fairly good English. "Are they crazy?" he gulped. "Don't they know it iss dangerous to stay und watch an air raid? Please take me to der nearest shelter!"

☆ In northern New England and Canada the sugar-maple trees are giving forth their sweetness now, or soon will be. Here's a *Vermont Maple Pie*—one of the delights of this season between winter and springtime: . . . Blend together 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 beaten egg yolks, 1 cup maple syrup thinned with ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cook in double boiler till thick, then stir in ½ cup finely chopped hickory nuts or walnuts. Pour mixture into baked pie shell. Top with meringue made from the whipped whites of 2 eggs. Brown in oven. Let cool but do not chill. Serve with a pitcher of thick cream.

"I just said, 'Lucky, lucky you!'"

☆ Funny things happen these days, now that everybody reads newspaper editorials. Two girls I know attended a Harvard dancing party. While being escorted through Boston by their Harvard boy friends, they were approached by a poor old lady—sort of an Apple Mary type, but selling gum. The girls walked ahead while the boys hung behind in deep converse with the gum woman. "Did she tell you the story of her life?" asked the girls, when at long last the boys returned to them. "No," said the boys. "She was talking about the Monroe Doctrine."

☆ Recommended to girls who run tearooms or restaurants catering to weight-conscious ladies: Fruit Salad Handbook. (Published by J. O. Dahl, Stamford, Connecticut. Fifty cents.)

☆ War is reviving the sentimental vogue for hair lockets. But the old Victorian art of hair braiding has practically been lost. Kenneth Van Cott, general manager of Marcus & Co., smart Fifth Avenue jewelers, says, "A while ago we had one old lady, ninety years of age, who could do this intricate work. Now we have no one." Are you acquainted with any oldster who remembers how to fabricate human hair into wreaths and floral forms for lockets?

I bring 'em back

A FOUR-STAR BROADCAST
BY DANIEL M. EISENBERG

A message Liberty thought worthy of the permanency of print

Photo by Leo Aarons

Daniel M. Eisenberg, who first told about himself on this broadcast, heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System, later printed in Talks, is the bloodhound chief of a unique organization called Skip Tracers, Inc. A mild-mannered, real-life Sherlock, Eisenberg for sixteen years has been locating runaways. The total number of cases he has been assigned is nearly 200,000, according to his figures. His personal file contains more than four million names and 50,000 telephone numbers. He has located everybody from butlers to missing heirs, and gives three main causes for people who disappear, in order of their importance: unpaid bills, domestic troubles, and lure of the open road. More than a million American citizens disappear yearly, according to this sleuth. Enough to keep Skip Tracers busy quite a while.

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IN sixteen years I have located about 165,000 missing men, women, and children. My organization is the only commercial one of its kind. It is designed primarily for people who don't want to go to the police or to the Travelers Aid, for one reason or another.

The most popular disappearing act I call the Case of the Missing Husband. In sixteen years I've been asked to trace more than 75,000 husbands who have done the Arabian-tent-folding stunt. And—this will probably startle you—I've been asked to locate only twelve wives in that same period!

There's a fairly simple explanation for that. Most women are not equipped to earn a living. They are accustomed to the social protection of a home and family, and very few of them have any money of their own with which to start on a flight into the unknown.

It's not the young husbands who run away from their wives. Just the opposite. My figures show that out of 100,000 husbands who disappear, close to 85 per cent are men past the age of forty.

Most of the time it isn't a case of going off with another woman, either. In fact, that is the exceptional case. Usually, when the husband goes, he is primarily concerned with freedom and the desire to get away from it all. And only too often, when he embarks, he takes whatever family finances there are and leaves his wife and children destitute.

Of course we look upon the wife deserter with scorn and contempt, but we do have to consider that he has his points, too! Nagging, for instance, often leaves a man with never a moment's peace at home. Extravagance is another thing which drives a man crazy enough to run away. And you might keep in mind the mother-in-law angle, which seems to crop up very frequently.

I hear some pretty depressing stories sometimes. And sometimes I find I have to read between the lines in order to get the real story, too. Wives, for instance, who tell me all sorts of fancy tales about why their husbands run off, when all I have to do is look at them to see the principal reason: sloppy clothes, poor grooming, obvious carelessness about their own appearance, which is probably just a sample of what their homes must be like.

Is it more difficult to find a woman or a man?

In general, it's harder to find the woman. When she decides to fade out of the picture, she is apt to do a good job of it. She's a better actor, for one thing, and she has the use of beauty parlors where she can have the color of her hair and the shape of her face changed without arousing suspicion of any kind.

But most adults are fairly easy to find, if you know how to go about it systematically. Usually they overlook the fact that they have set habits which they can't overcome.

One man, for instance, I caught up with in a Chinese restaurant out in Ohio because I knew he had a weakness for Chinese food. Another man we knew was interested in horticulture and we found him when he went to a library for books on the subject. We had sent out descriptions to librarians.

The average man has a profession or a trade, a particular kind of job he has worked at for a long time. When he cuts loose he usually heads for a similar job in another town. Then we can trace him, sometimes through a union or through public records of one kind or another.

When it comes to changing names, you'd be surprised at the lack of imagination most men show. Usually they keep their first names or their initials. If they choose a new name, it is apt to be their mother's maiden name.

You've got to have a pretty good memory for faces and names to be successful in tracing people. Often our best clue is a photograph or snapshot. Right now I'm looking for a man who I know is here in New York City. And if I see him on the street, I'll know him in a minute.

THE END

"... Somebody ought to tell him about *Sky Chief* gasoline"

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU TO ENJOY:

FRED ALLEN in a full-hour program every Wednesday night—C.B.S.—9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 10:00 M.S.T., 9:00 P.S.T.

METROPOLITAN OPERA every Saturday afternoon, N.B.C. See local newspaper for time and stations.

Yes, Sky Chief will snap your car into action on the coldest mornings

Here's a gasoline noted for quick winter starting.

Even in the iciest weather *SKY CHIEF* gets a quick answer from a stone cold engine . . . warms it up rapidly . . . makes it forget to stutter and buck.

You'll notice these things at once. You'll also enjoy its smooth stride as it *floats* your car up the hills. In *SKY CHIEF*, instant volatility and high anti-knock work together to give you both surging power and the smoothness of flying.

And here's a "pay-off" you'll appreciate! By *saving* the miles that slow-starting gasolines sputter away and waste, *SKY CHIEF* returns you a generous *mileage-bonus*. Yet the cost of *SKY CHIEF* is no greater than that of other premium gasolines.

Enjoy this luxury driving. Try *SKY CHIEF* in your car today.

TEXACO DEALERS

SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices. ↔ *Sky Chief* is available in all 48 States and in every Province in the Dominion of Canada.

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Ed holds a seance

THERE was a Mr. and Mrs. Hastings that bought a big place near the Wilbur Popes outside of Mount Kisco. You take the White House and dwindle it a little and add a patio, a dash of Tuscany, set it in thirty acres of park and you get the idea. Mr. Hastings manufactured springs for railroad cars. Mrs. Hastings communicated with spirits.

Well the Popes got acquainted with them and they dined at each others' houses occasionally. But Mr. Pope and Mr. Hastings sort of took to each other. Sunday afternoons when Mrs. Pope's friends had gathered to drink cocktails and give their egos a workout Mr. Pope would jog over on his horse Ed for a long talk with Mr. Hastings. Mrs. Hastings didn't bother them much because the spirits were more active on Sunday and she stayed in at her Ouija board. Sometimes she pushed it around alone but usually a Mr. George Talcott who had introduced her to the mazes of the other world dropped in to assist her.

Well this was nice for Mr. Pope but Ed didn't like it much. Sunday afternoons were the time when he and Mr. Pope used to ramble around Westchester trying different kinds of beer and sitting in the shade to gossip. Because Ed could talk. Only nobody knew it but Mr. Pope and Ed wouldn't talk in front of anybody else. Because he said once an animal let on he could talk where was he? In a circus that's where he was.

Now Mr. Pope was an advertising account executive but although Mr. Hastings was a manufacturer Mr. Pope's liking for him was pretty disinterested. Of course Ed who always put the worst construction on everything thought it wasn't. You can't like the guy as much as all that Wilb he said. Man who passes the plate in church. He just ain't your kind. Why he wouldn't say damn if— I sometimes think said Mr. Pope that if there were a little less damn and a little freer flow to your conversation it might be more acceptable. And what's the matter with passing the plate? Nothing—nothing at all said Ed. Many a young man's made his start that way. Nickel here and a quarter there—it all counts up.

Well said Mr. Pope I don't deny that if Hastings made anything the public bought I might try to pry an appropriation out of him. But car springs! The most they'd do would be notices in trade papers. Well you're always talking about educating the public said Ed. Make 'em car spring conscious. Make 'em demand Hastings springs. Your mind is free for higher things when traveling on Hastings springs—ain't that what you call inspirational copy? It doesn't inspire me much said Mr. Pope. Anyway it's no use.

Well Mr. Pope did think about Ed's suggestion and even tried a sort of low pressure sales talk. But Mr. Hastings was one of those men who like to make up their own minds and always say no at the first sniff of salesmanship. So Mr. Pope stopped.

Sometimes on Sundays when they got tired talking they would go in and take a whirl at Ouija with Mrs. Hastings if Mr. Talcott wasn't there. She was sort of sensible about Ouija if you can be sensible about such things and didn't mind their skeptical remarks. Mr. Pope was a little afraid of her partly because she was so familiar with the other world and partly because she was so ornamental a part of this one. I guess like most men he was always a little scared of beautiful women though as Ed said he kind of enjoyed his terror.

One of the most persistent of the message bearers from the other shore was a child named Little Edie who talked baby talk. Of course Ouija had to spell everything out and you wouldn't have thought a five year old child could manage any spelling at all much less baby talk. But Edie did. Which makes her quite a remarkable child even for a spirit.

Well one Sunday the Hastings and Mr. Pope were pushing Ouija around and after Mrs. Hastings had got some advice from Little Edie about what to wear at the Farnhams' party Mr. Pope asked what had become of some onyx cuff links he claimed to have lost. So Ouija jumped around and spelled out Pitty pitty links. Yes they're very pretty Edie said Mr. Pope and where are they? In oo dwesser said Edie—in teeny weeny box. Really? said Mr. Pope. Are you sure? Edie sure said Edie. Twoss her heart. Sorry Edie said Mr. Pope I guess I fooled you that time. I haven't got any onyx links.

O Mr. Pope said Mrs. Hastings reproachfully you shouldn't fool Edie that way. O look! she said. For Ouija was darting all over the board. Naughty bad mans it spelled. Oo makes fun of oos 'Ittle Edie. Go way bad mans! O come Edie said Mr. Pope I'm sorry. I— Edie do way spelled Ouija. Never tum back. And though they coaxed her Ouija wouldn't move again.

Well said Mr. Hastings I'm sorry Edie's gone. But suppose you try some of your other familiars Evelyn. So Mrs. Hastings tried. She called them by name and pleaded and cajoled but Ouija wouldn't move. This is curious she said. I've never known— Isn't there any one here who wants to communicate? And a deep voice over by the window said Dom Pedro Milan is here.

Mrs. Hastings gasped and turned pale and her hands went to her mouth but the two men didn't notice. They jumped up and ran to the window. But there was nobody there—nobody that is except Ed who was standing looking off with a wistful expression across the summer landscape. Darned funny said Mr. Hastings. Did you hear what I heard Pope? Sounded like a voice said Mr. Pope but I don't know what it said. Queer thing—acoustics. With conditions just right I suppose a voice down by the garage would sound almost as if it was in the room. Didn't you hear it Evelyn? said Mr. Hastings. I—I heard something said Mrs. Hastings. Not clearly. I—really it startled me so dear that I think—if you'll excuse me— And she left the room.

Laughs! Here's that talking horse again in some new, blithely hilarious skulduggery

Well the two men talked about it for a while but didn't get anywhere and Mr. Pope left. When he and Ed were out of the drive he said I hope you're not going to start doing spirit voices Ed. What was the idea of that outburst? I'm sorry Wilb said Ed but I just couldn't hold in any longer. Look. If you'd been tied outside that window all these Sundays when Mrs. H. and that Talcott guy were getting the dope on their former lives together—well you'd bust out too. Not that Talcott ain't smart. He's figured the only way to get anywhere with Mrs. H. is by some of this mystic hocus-pocus and boy has he got good connections on the other side of Jordan! He's got her convinced that he and she was lovers back in former lives only a cruel fate always parted 'em. Usually the cruel fate was a guy about her husband's height and general get-up. I see said Mr. Pope—and this Dom Pedro? He's the head spirit who passes out most of the information said Ed. Spanish priest or something who was just going to marry 'em in fifteen-something when a guy hammers on the door. In the King's name! So they drag Talcott up to the palace and the King says My boy Cortes and his mob are just starting out to take over Mexico and you're drafted. You got just about time to get to the dock.

I see said Mr. Pope. So he sailed away and never came back. Not until just recently said Ed. Only now he's Talcott instead of Don Balthazar Parmesan. Go on said Mr. Pope Mrs. Hastings couldn't swallow all that stuff. O she laughs at it some said Ed but she's sold on it. Sure. The guy's come back to claim his bride. O he's got something all right. Why Wilb when old Dom Pedro comes through on the Ouija board and Talcott begins remembering things—you know—the throb of the guitar and the swooning scent of the what's-it in the velvet Spanish nights— I dunno Wilb. It's kinda like being in church.

Mr. Pope couldn't think of anything to say to this so he said it. He was worried though. If Talcott's line was good enough to impress a cynical old horse like Ed it must be pretty hot. And Mr. Hastings wasn't the man to grab Talcott and twist his head off. He'd just sit back proud and silent until Don Balthazar ran off with his wife. But there isn't anything I can do he said.

He didn't know he'd spoken aloud until Ed said O I don't know. All

those Spanish cavaliers were always galloping around on horseback weren't they? He's remembered so much he certainly hasn't forgotten how to ride in four hundred years. Coax him out and let him try my paces. Ed giggled. Boy I'll jolt some of the grandee out of him. No said Mr. Pope we mustn't interfere between husband and wife. It isn't done. Hell said Ed what's Talcott doing? Anyway you're so fond of this Hastings— But Mr. Pope said no again firmly and Ed didn't say any more.

Well a few evenings later the Hastings came over and after dinner they were all walking around in the garden and just as Mrs. Hastings and Mr. Pope went past the door of the barn where Ed lived a voice said Hey oo naughty bad mans how about my supper? Mrs. Hastings gave a little shriek and her hands went up to her mouth. Mr. Pope ran into the barn. Shut up you fool he whispered as he dumped a measure of oats in the manger. Mrs. Hastings is out there. I was coming out to feed you.

Mrs. Hastings had come to the door of the barn. Mr. Pope? she called. Was it—? That voice—I thought I'd heard it before. Nobody here said Mr. Pope coming out. It's a funny thing he went on that we're always hearing voices in that barn. Very odd isn't it? Yes, very odd indeed said Mrs. Hastings. That sort of baby talk too that Little Edie uses. Really Mr. Pope I think the Psychical Research Society would be very much interested. O I'm sorry said Mr. Pope but I'm afraid that wouldn't do. That kind of publicity is bad for an advertising man. Well said Mrs. Hastings perhaps you're right. But you wouldn't mind if I just tried a little experiment would you? O no said Mr. Pope doubtfully. Not at all.

So they went a little way into the dark barn. Your horse is here isn't he? said Mrs. Hastings. They're usually so frightened of the supernatural— O Ed never pays any attention to anything any one says to him said Mr. Pope so I guess he wouldn't mind a disembodied voice. So Mrs. Hastings said firmly Is anybody here that wishes to communicate with me?

Well there wasn't any sound for a minute and then a dreadful falsetto voice said 'Ittle Edie dot message for Mr. Hasty. For Frank! said Mrs. Hastings. O get him will you? Or no—I'd better. He doesn't believe in this sort of thing and I'll have to persuade him. So Mrs. Hastings ran to get her husband.

Say look Ed said Mr. Pope quickly. Cut this out will you? 'Ittle Edie say nuts to oo Mr. bad mans Pope squeaked Ed. How'm I doing Wilb? You're doing us into one hell of a mess said Mr. Pope bitterly. Oo! said Ed. Bad mans say naughty word to 'Ittle Edie— What's all this Pope? said Mr. Hastings coming up.

Mr. Pope decided to play safe. Darned if I know he said. We heard some sort of voice in here and Evelyn asked some questions and apparently got some answers though I didn't hear anything. You didn't hear Little Edie? said Mrs. Hastings. I heard something said Mr. Pope but I thought it might be mice. Mice! exclaimed Mrs. Hastings. Wolves is more like it. Listen Frank. Are you here Edie? And the voice squeaked Edie here. There said Mrs. Hastings —didn't you hear that? Sorry said Mr. Pope I didn't hear anything. By the way where's Carlotta? She ran in when that voice came said Mr. Hastings. Scared I guess.

Well Edie said Mrs. Hastings have you a message? Message for Mr. Hasty said Ed. Mr. Hastings make spwings — jouncy-jouncy? Well not too jouncy said Mr. Hastings peering about. People don't like it. Edie like jouncy—not like squeaky bumpy said Ed. Edie fink lots of mans—ride on choo-choo — like to ride on jouncy Hasty spwings. I see said Mr. Hastings thoughtfully. I suppose you can't hear any of this Pope? Do you really mean you're hearing something? said Mr. Pope. This seems rather dull. Come on. Let's go in and play cards. Not dull at all said Mr. Hastings and Mr. Pope didn't like the way he said it. Is there any more Edie? said Mrs. Hastings.

So Ed went on. He had worked up a dreadful approximation of the sort of presentation Mr. Pope might have made and he brought in the Journey Jitters that people get from riding on the wrong kind of springs and outlined a rather grandiose campaign.

Any thrifty, well-groomed tar
Knows Thin Gillettes are best by far
For fast and easy shaves each time—
And yet four blades cost just a dime!
Precision made to fit your Gillette Razor exactly!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

It was probably the first advertising presentation ever made in bona-fide baby talk in the United States of America. And when he got through nobody said anything for a minute and then Mr. Hastings said Is there a light in here? So Mr. Pope turned on the light and then Mr. Hastings went carefully all over the barn.

What on earth are you looking for Frank? said Mrs. Hastings. Wires said her husband. Smart of you Pope to wire your barn for sound. But frankly I'm disappointed in you he went on coldly. Good heavens man you have a perfect right to try to get me to advertise. But not in this underhand way. And I must say it wasn't very clever of you to believe I took any stock in this spiritualism.

Just a minute said Mr. Pope. I give you my word I never heard of these Journey Jitters or any of the rest of it before in my life. O said Mr. Hastings so you did hear it? I thought so. Since you probably wrote the script. The gibe stung Mr. Pope's professional pride. Listen he said. If I'd written that script it would have made some sense and it wouldn't have been in baby talk either. I don't know said Mr. Hastings. I suppose it's really cleverer this way. Little Edie wouldn't know much about advertising. Well we live and learn. Come along Evelyn.

MR. POPE couldn't trust himself to say anything to Ed. When the Hastings left he went in the house. Mrs. Pope was reading. It's about time she said. Why—where are the Hastings? Mr. Pope said Mrs. Hastings had had a headache so they'd decided to go home. Without saying good night or anything? said Mrs. Pope. Wilbur you didn't insult them or anything? Well said Mr. Pope, you see they thought they got some sort of spirit communication—I don't want to hear about it said Mrs. Pope. I don't believe in such things and anyway I think they're wicked and dangerous. Very queer people the Hastings.

Well for a week or two Mr. Pope didn't hear anything about the Hastings and then one day Mrs. Hastings called him up at the office. She said Mr. Talcott had been very much interested in what she'd told him about the voice in the barn and she wondered if she couldn't bring him over some evening to try it out. Mr. Pope had been pretty worried about the voice business. He knew that if Mr. Hastings repeated the story and it got around that he'd tried to get a contract through fake spirit manifestations it might ruin him professionally. If I refuse he thought they'll think the whole thing was a put-up job. So he made a date with her for nine thirty a couple of evenings later.

Mrs. Pope said she wouldn't have anything to do with it and she went out that evening to the theater with a Mr. Joshua Harrington who isn't of any importance in this story. After dinner Mr. Pope went out to see Ed and told him about it. I'm going to

GOSH! HONEY, LOOK AT THE MONEY WE'RE SAVING

By figuring the financing cost on that new car for themselves, these young people are being thrifty. Maybe you can save some money, too.

Here's how to go about it. Fill out and mail the coupon below. Get your GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you the whole financing-and-insurance story in dollars and cents.

In a few minutes you can figure out the cost of your entire transaction—based on the amount of time you want, and the amount you wish to pay monthly. Then you will know, in advance, *exactly* what you get for what you pay!

The next step is to *compare* the cost of the different financing plans available to you. Check them carefully for financing cost and the completeness of the insurance included. Determine which one gives you greatest value for your money. See for yourself just where and how you can save!

Write for *your* Figuring Chart today! Learn about the many advantages of the General Motors Instalment Plan! Fill out and mail the coupon now.

This plan is available only through dealers in Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac cars.

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

E-1

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
1775 Broadway, New York

Please send me GMAC *Figuring Chart for the car checked below:*

☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ BUICK ☐ CADILLAC

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

County _____

U.S.A.

Send for this Figuring Chart

take you over to Barney's he said and tie you up and have him look after you for the night. Aw heck Wilb said Ed I don't see why I should have to move out just because somebody feels like throwing a séance. Nevertheless you're going said Mr. Pope.

Mrs. Hastings and Mr. Talcott were a little late and it was good and dark when they went into the barn. This seems an extraordinary thing Pope said Mr. Talcott. To get any communication by voice you have to have a medium. Yet from what Evelyn tells me this voice seems to come from nowhere. Let's try said Mrs. Hastings. And then in a loud clear voice she said Is there any one here who wishes to communicate? There was no answer. Aren't you here Little Edie? she asked. And a deep muffled voice said Edie eatum too much supper. Edie got bellyache. No can come. She send friend. Me big Chief Umslapooey.

Great Scott! said Mr. Talcott. What a voice! That's no control we've ever worked with Evelyn. Mr. Pope had been as startled as the others when the voice boomed out. But he recognized it. He saw at once that Ed had got loose and was now standing outside by the back wall of the barn looking in the window. He started to go round him up and then thought better of it. They'll just think I'm going to fix the machinery he thought. I'd better stay. And he said aloud Sounds like utter nonsense to me. Probably some local hobbledehoy having fun with us. O I don't know Pope said Mr. Talcott. The Indian chief is a quite common control.

TELL us who you are said Mrs. Hastings. Me big Injun Chief Umslapooey said Ed. Me killum many paleface—drinkum blood. Wow! He ended with an Indian yell. All right, all right said Mr. Pope crossly. No need to rouse the neighborhood.

This is really remarkable said Mr. Talcott. Even with a medium I've never heard anything like it. Have you a message for us? he asked. Me got message said Ed. Many people got message. Dom Pedro here too. You knowum somebody name Don Balthazar? Mr. Pope heard Mr. Talcott give an exclamation of surprise and Mrs. Hastings said Why of course! Dom Pedro say ask him if he remember when he sail away on big ship from Cadiz said Ed. Of course I do said Mr. Talcott and then to Mr. Pope he said This seems to be part of a story that we got from Ouija in which Evelyn and I were—well sort of actors. It's amazing George! said Mrs. Hastings. How could any one know? No one could but us whispered Mr. Talcott. But listen.

Dom Pedro say Don Balthazar and Doña Inez much in love said Ed and added a couple of explosive kisses by way of illustration. Well—goodness! said Mrs. Hastings. You remember why he go in ship? asked Ed. Let me see said Mr. Talcott obviously trying not to give too much away to Mr. Pope. Wasn't it that the King wanted her to marry somebody else and so he had Don Balthazar forcibly arrested and given command of one of Cortes' ships? That what Don Balthazar say said Ed—Dom Pedro say different. He say put-up job. He say Doña Inez want to marry Don B. But Don B. already got wife in Burgos—'nother in Toledo. Don B. scared. Go to King and say Give me ship. Sure say King. King glad to get Don B. out of country. He make pass at Queen too.

Ed stopped and nobody said anything for a minute. I don't remember anything like that said Mr. Talcott finally. You're making this up. How could any one George? said Mrs. Hastings. Nobody could know the first part of it but us. Are you still here chief? Ugh! said Ed. How do we know you're telling the truth? she asked. You turn on light said Ed. Look on floor.

SO Mr. Pope put on the light. On the floor before them was a rose.

Good heavens said Mrs. Hastings picking it up it's from my garden! One of our very choicest blooms—a Mme. Humphrey Schlumberger. Now how on earth— I've seen that done before said Mr. Talcott. It's one of the stock tricks. Yes but George—from my own garden! said Mrs. Hastings. Mr. Talcott seemed a little rattled. Put out the light Pope he said. I want to ask a few questions.

So the light was snapped off and Mr. Talcott said See here chief. From all we've heard of Don Balthazar he was an upright and honorable man. Upright like a snake said Ed. When he sail away he stealum Doña Inez' jewels. When he get to Mexico he forgetum all about Doña Inez—have big harem—all Injun. He kill many Injun brave—take their wives. Mrs. Hastings laughed suddenly. You see Evelyn said Mr. Talcott like all spirit communications it's more than half nonsense. You have to pick out what's of any use. I think you're understating said Mrs. Hastings. I'm beginning to see how much nonsense there really is. O it's inexplicable all right. I thought at first maybe it was a hoax and Mr. Pope was responsible. But nobody could have known of the Don Balthazar story because we've never spoken of it to any one else. Really George I think we'd better drop it. As you wish Evelyn said Mr. Talcott with simple dignity. How about a light Pope?

Wait! said Ed. Me big Chief Umslapooey. Why you think me come here? Me want revenge! Revenge on Don Balthazar who steal my squaw. O come chief said Mr. Talcott nervously. Don Balthazar step outside said Ed. We fight duel. Not on your life said Mr. Talcott. I've seen some of these poltergeist manifestations and I'm just not having any. Throwing rocks and so on.

Mr. Pope began to see light. O let's go out he said. We aren't afraid of a voice are we? Come on Talcott. Mr. Pope bad mans said Ed. Swear at little children. But brave man. Ugh! Not like the white-liver Talcott. O all right said Mr. Talcott nervously.

The two men went outside. It was as dark there as inside the barn. Mr. Talcott shivered. And suddenly there was a thump of hoofs and a terrific war whoop and a huge white shape careened around the corner of the barn and bore down on them. Mr. Talcott gave a yell and fled. And as Mrs. Hastings came out of the barn door her husband's voice said For heaven's sake Pope what was that?

I—I haven't any idea said Mr. Pope. Hello Hastings. I thought you—well after what happened here before—Forget it said Mr. Hastings. I certainly didn't intend to come but you remember the voice that Sunday at my house? I heard it about an hour ago. I was reading and I thought I heard some one down in the rose garden. I stuck my head out and that voice said Better go over to Popes'. So I drove over. I've been here quite a while.

O said Mr. Pope. Yes said Mr. Hastings. And after all I've heard—well perhaps I've been wrong and there is something in this spiritualistic stuff after all. Not that I pretend to understand it. But I do think perhaps I was a little hasty that day. Evelyn? O there you are. I don't think it's much good for you to wait for George. And Pope—come over Sunday. Maybe we could work out some angle on that advertising.

BY and by Mr. Pope went back into the barn. Hey Wilb said Ed's voice get this damn thing off the old chief will you? Mr. Pope snapped on the light. Ed stood in his stall with his head through a hole in a sheet which was draped over his withers. Stole this off the line and tore a hole in it said Ed. Darn near broke my neck when I stepped on a corner of it coming around the barn. Good Lord! said Mr. Pope. It's one of those monogrammed things that Carlotta—Yeah said Ed. You'd better hide it. Look Wilb how'd you like the rose trick? Big chief pickum posy hey?

You might have spared their show blooms said Mr. Pope. A rose by any other name than Mme. Schlumberger said Ed. You know I was just thinking. Whyn't we take this spook racket up seriously? I been rambling around nights a lot lately and with what you guess and I know about this neighborhood we could tear the place wide open. Why not just straight blackmail? said Mr. Pope. It's simpler. He went to the closet and took out a glass and a bottle of whisky. He poured out a drink and handed the bottle to Ed. Here he said you communicate with the kind of spirits you understand. Ed tipped back his head. There was a diminishing gurgle and the bottle dropped to the floor. Mmm! he said big chief likum firewater. Guess you're right Wilb. All I did was try to help you and what do I get? I get to stand outside that window some more Sunday afternoons. And I still don't see what you like in that guy.

THE END

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Showcase of the Stars

News and romance in the making!
A vivid close-up of Hollywood's heart

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

ON Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, where it fades into Beverly Hills, sits the busiest glitter factory and gossip mill in the United States. It is called Ciro's.

Ciro's of Hollywood is just another boxlike building tinted brown and cream and set on a shelf in the Hollywood hills like a big pumpkin pie. But at night, when the pie is opened, what goes on along the mirrored bar inside and within the cozy intimacy of the red silk booths flies out as hot news to a curious world.

Because Ciro's is the heart of Hollywood's hectic picture-colony pulse. Ciro's is the illuminated after-hour showcase for the screen world's glamour*, the Peacock Alley for Hollywood's fashions, fans, and foibles. It's the luxurious Lover's Lane for the movie world's front-page romances and the plush peep show for its amorous peccadilloes.

For a whole year, to Hollywood's elite, Ciro's has meant who's doing what with whom and what about it, who's up and who's down, who's in and who's out, and who's bagging the gossip headlines with which the stars perpetually feed their fame.

At Ciro's, Hollywood followed the romantic triple plays of red-haired Lana Turner from Artie Shaw to Victor Mature to Tony Martin. At Ciro's, the town first eyed Garbo publicly playing with her doctor friend, Gaylord Hauser. At Ciro's, gossips first guessed the end of the George Raft-Norma Shearer romance and the start of George Brent's passion for Oomphie Annie Sheridan.

At Ciro's, too, Hollywood first got wind of Mischa Auer's domestic split-up when he entered with Maria Montez instead of his wife. At Ciro's, the smart set watched Lucille Ball's courtship by Desi Arnaz, learned when Errol Flynn was and wasn't tiffing with wife Lili Damita, kept up to date on the suitor derbies of Rosalind Russell and Liz Whitney, discovered at once when Ruth Hussey and Raphael Hakim were that way, when Myrna Loy and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, no longer were.

No movie gossip columnist or Hollywood quidnunc of either press or ether would dream of calling it a day until he had scanned the ringside tables at Ciro's after eleven. Louella Parsons, Jimmie Fidler, Hedda Hopper, Sidney Skolsky, and their inquisitive colleagues take nightly notes on Ciro's white napery, which turn into syndicated items the next day. Picture snatchers for the movie magazines pepper the place with flash bulbs, and fan writers search the supper room for feature leads. Nowhere else can a movie career be launched as soundly, a publicity campaign got under steam, a rumor built up or blasted.

The studios' busy publicity bureaus, therefore, are Ciro-conscious in the extreme. Every studio-sponsored starlet who burst upon Hollywood in 1940 enjoyed a thorough night spotlight campaign at Ciro's—long before the world or even Hollywood saw her on film.

Gene Tierney, the Broadway critics' darling who deserted the stage for a contract at Twentieth Century-Fox, arrived in Hollywood one morning and reported to her studio the next. But the evening between she went to Ciro's. Months before Gene smiled into a camera lens she was better known around Hollywood than many a veteran movie star. A parade of beaux took her out—to one place—Ciro's. Maria Montez became a ravishing toast of the town and a top-ten name in Hollywood via dates at Ciro's long before a studio found a professional place for her. Carmen Miranda flashed her Latin charm at Ciro's well before she put it on celluloid for Darryl Zanuck.

Only Hollywood knows how to use a sure-fire display case such as Ciro's—both pro and con—and some of Ciro's slier cinema services have been subtle indeed.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided Judy Garland's private life was getting ahead of her screen immaturity, the first taboo for Judy was night clubbing at Ciro's. Robert Stack, a handsome Los Angeles good-family boy turned movie actor, developed a crush on the Harlowesque young screen vamp, Mary Beth Hughes; his studio cured that for the public prints by having Bob take out Socialite Cobina Wright, Junior, a few nights in a row at Ciro's. The hottest undercover courtship in town

* *A deceptive charm.*—WEBSTER.

has been kept unofficial by steering clear of Ciro's. Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton have avoided Ciro's like the plague. One Ciro appearance would link their names publicly far more than either wants until Princess Barbara's divorce becomes final.

On the other hand, Olivia De Havilland used Ciro's constructively to boost along her romance with laggard suitor Jimmy Stewart. When Jimmy went East and stayed too long to suit Olivia, she organized a party at Ciro's and carried on coquettishly with her escort, Burgess Meredith. It hit the papers with the desired results. Jimmy packed up and flew back to Hollywood.

The constant spotlight makes Hollywood talent agents with a new face to market, screen couturiers with a daring fashion, coiffeurs with a novel hair-do, and practically any one with a Hollywood bill of goods to sell bid lively for a vantage seat at Ciro's. Even Elsie, the Oomph Cow, was given a cocktail party there.

With prominent perches at Ciro's rating a definite commercial value, naturally Hollywood gaiety for gain comes high. Hundred-dollar tips for the right tables are not uncommon. Last New Year's Eve Ciro's charged as high a *couvert* as any café in the country—forty dollars a couple, including neither cocktails, wine, nor a sweet smile. Reservations were filled weeks in advance. Still no one in Hollywood complains about what price Ciro's. The room is only moderately large and Hollywood's publicity-hungry citizens are legion. On average nights celebrities who would have headwaiters in Manhattan's swank nighteries doing nip-ups are regretfully turned away by Pancho, Ciro's tactful *maître d'*, or crammed into a corner—as were Clark Gable and Carole Lombard the night they arrived without reservations.

Ciro's extracts from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars every month from Hollywood's pockets—but that's no sign the night-club business in Hollywood is a soft touch. On the contrary, more money is lost in night spots than in any other activity in the movie capital. A café preceding Ciro's on the exact location opened one New Year's Eve and closed a week later.

THERE has always been one favored Hollywood spot where stars can see and be seen, hear and be heard. There was in turn the Montmartre, the Cocoanut Grove, the Colony Club, and the Trocadero. Now it is Ciro's. Of all Hollywood's historic hangouts the Trocadero was the most swank and successful. "Troccin'" was a standard word in Hollywood's vocabulary. It's no accident that what "Troccin'" used to mean "Ciromancing" means today.

The same shrewd gentleman who made the Trocadero a social court is doing the same with Ciro's, and using the same singular technique.

William "Billy" Wilkerson is a Nashville, Tennessee, boy who struck it rich in Hollywood. Sallow, black-eyed, square-faced, and mustachioed, Billy looks like a Southern gambler in an old-fashioned melodrama. In Hollywood he publishes the film colony's daily bible, the Hollywood Reporter. Billy met Louis Rescas, head of a French wine syndicate, on the Ile de France one summer and came back from his European vacation with $25,000 worth of vintage wines and no place to put them. The biggest cellar he could find was beneath an abandoned night club on the Sunset Strip. With the wine in and the empty night club on his hands, Billy let Norma Shearer talk him into opening the Trocadero.

IN three and a half years the Trocadero took in $3,800,600. It lured shy Garbo to the first night-club evening in her life. Its famous Sunday-night auditions discovered for the movies Deanna Durbin, Martha Raye, Judy Garland, Tony Martin, and the Ritz Brothers. When Billy Wilkerson sold the Trocadero, it had made Hollywood history.

The Wilkerson magic touch is mainly Billy's daily Reporter and the tight little tie-up he works between it and his Hollywood cafés. Most Hollywood movie figures would rather have their names in the Reporter than in the Social Register or in Who's Who. If they go to Ciro's and are anybody at all, Herb Stein, Billy's alert night news hawk, won't forget them in his daily film gossip, The Rambling Reporter.

But Billy Wilkerson has other aces for Ciro's besides the powerful and persuasive Reporter up his custom-tailored sleeve. He knows and admits that the most important talent a Hollywood night-club operator can possess is the correct sense of balance between the sheep and the goats. Billy knows stars love to be gaped at—but not too much. The snowy serviettes at Ciro's gather lipstick nightly from Max Factor's and the House of Westmore. But they also show traces of the Emporium. Ronald Colman or Adolphe Menjou may lean their Eddie Schmidt-draped shoulders against the silken booths, but Thomas Tourist from the Greatest Little Town in the Corn Belt may brush it next with his provincial play rags. Both are important to Ciro's. No star glitters comfortably without an audience. But too big an audience smothers the glitter. Wilkerson knows that.

Ciro's bans autograph hounds and admiring tourist table hoppers. Photographers roam unobtrusively around, but if a star requests no pictures, that's what he gets.

Billy has tailored Ciro's service for the cinema carriage trade in a hundred other ways the Hollywood *haut monde* appreciates. The café lighting is perfect for synthetically exquisite complexions which must stay that way even in relaxing moments. Professional sound-projection equipment stands ready for picture parties or de luxe previews. Whatever society orchestra is on the stand, Emil Coleman, Basil Fomeen, or Bob Grant, it knows all the tunes from new movies-in-the-make and plays them for whoever arrives connected with the show.

The cravings and crotchets of a hundred top stars are house rules at Ciro's. When Gary Cooper arrives, the band plays plenty of dreamy waltzes and sweet, slow tunes. Charlie, the bartender, stirs up a milk punch with brandy while Errol Flynn checks his hat. George Raft's entrance means whoever occupies the first table to the left must be moved pronto—that's the only place Raft will sit. Cliff Daniels, the handsome waiter who has a movie contract in his pocket, doesn't ask Marlene Dietrich's supper entrée. He has her steak already ordered. There's a pack of cards ready at Joe movie magnate Schenck's table for his nightly gin-rummy game, and extra menus for scenarist Gene Towne, who likes to scribble them up with script ideas.

Even an intimate acquaintance with the romantic complications and marital dossiers of the movie great is essential to keep Ciro's rolling smoothly along. If a hot Hollywood romance has cooled, or an ideal movie match has sundered, Ciro's must remember and be prepared for any eventuality. For instance, the night Alice Faye arrived with her current crush, Sandy Cummings, and a few minutes later Tony Martin entered with Lana Turner, to be followed by Dorothy Lamour and Greg Bautzer, *maître d'* Pancho had to think fast. Mr. Martin used to be the husband of Miss Faye and Mr. Bautzer is Lana Turner's former fiancé. They were scattered tactfully around the room for harmony insurance.

AS long as Billy Wilkerson keeps observing such specialized Hollywood amenities so thoughtfully and his Reporter continues to tell the breathless breakfasting movie world who was Ciromancing last night and what they wore, Ciro's would seem a cinch to keep leading the league of Hollywood's night circuit.

Of course, if you mention the future of Ciro's to Billy Wilkerson, he is prone to assume a long face. "Hollywood is treacherous," he will observe in sepulchral tones. "They take you up quick—but they drop you quicker." And he's got something there, all right.

Just the same, the Wilkerson touch has recently been applied to Arrowhead Springs, the film colony's luxury spa in the mountains, with very satisfactory results indeed. And it's a safe bet that when Ciro's yields its franchise to some other gay Hollywood spot, the powers behind it will be William Wilkerson and his Hollywood Reporter. Ciro's successor and Billy's bible will go hand in hand, as usual—and, as usual, the stars of Hollywood will be fighting to get in them both.

THE END

Hate..*and* the hunted

★
4 STARS: EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS: EXCELLENT
★ 2 STARS: GOOD ★
1 STAR: POOR
0 STAR: VERY POOR
★

Glenn Ford and Margaret Sullavan as the lovers in So Ends Our Night.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

The movies give us a somber tragedy of today

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ SO ENDS OUR NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan, Frances Dee, Glenn Ford, Anna Sten, Erich von Stroheim, Allan Brett, Joseph Cawthorn, Leonid Kinsky, Alexander Granach, Roman Bohnen, Sig Rumann, William Stack, Lionel Royce, Ernst Deutsch, Spencer Charters, Hans Schumm, Philip Van Zandt. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, based on a novel by Erich Maria Remarque. Directed by John Cromwell. Produced by David Loew and Albert Lewin-United Artists. Running time, 120 minutes.

THIS somber film flies in the face of the Hollywood theory that entertainment should be light and unreal when world realities are unpleasant and far too real. Erich Maria Remarque's novel, Flotsam, upon which this is based, was a story of the hunted folk of Europe, the outcasts pushed from country to country by the steadily advancing hordes of ruthlessness and religious persecution. It is really the story of four people: of Joseph Steiner, a German ex-army officer who cannot abide Hitlerism, and of his wife; of Ludwig Kern, a young political refugee, and the girl he comes to love, a medical student. They are shunted about Europe, torn apart, isolated, tortured, starved, reunited for a burning moment of hope and happiness. In the end only two are alive, on the edge of the inferno, hoping for a right to live.

A Hollywood newcomer, Glenn Ford, steals the film as the young refugee, Ludwig Kern, without a passport, hiding in barns, trying, when he has the chance, to eke out an existence peddling little beauty aids from door to door. This Ford is the most interesting new personality to appear in a year or so.

Fredric March makes the German ex-captain both tragic and sympathetic. Margaret Sullavan is good as the girl loved by Ludwig. Frances Dee has only a few moments as the lonely wife who is left behind by the hunted ex-officer. Erich von Stroheim makes vivid a brief role of a Gestapo agent, and Anna Sten contributes an interesting bit as a Russian refugee.

This is too long, it rambles, but it is rife with the tragedy of today. You should see it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Glenn Ford has been a year in pictures. Born in Glenford, Alberta, 23 years ago, he grew up in Santa Monica, California. Became a citizen, too. Grew interested in student theatricals at the Santa Monica High School, turned to the little theaters. Appeared in a number of plays done by the Santa Monica little-theater group, was often watched by studio talent scouts, always turned down as "not good-looking enough." Tried the professional stage, got a Twentieth Century-Fox test and one role in a small film; next, was signed by Columbia. Has been in six films there, unnoticed. Ford's real name is Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford; took his screen name from his birthplace. Glenn is unmarried, lives with his mother in Hollywood. . . . Erich von Stroheim is one of those Hollywood rebels; never has achieved his rightful place. Produced one of the greatest films ever made, Greed, was looked upon as expensive and impractical, had to return to acting, was shunted aside. Had to go abroad, appear in La Grande Illusion to re-establish himself. . . . For this, 130 sets were built; the largest presented the famed amusement park, the Prater, of Vienna. The Alpine sequences were done on location in the high Sierras. . . . Anna Sten was born in Kiev, in the Russian Ukraine, father a teacher of the ballet. . . . Music was composed by Louis Gruenberg, who did the opera, Emperor Jones. . . . That card manipulator is Philip Van Zandt, once assistant to Magician Howard Thurston.

★ ★ ★½ MR. AND MRS. SMITH

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, Gene Raymond, Jack Carson, Philip Merivale, Lucile Watson, William Tracy, Charles Halton, Esther Dale, Emma Dunn, Betty Compson, Patricia Farr, William Edmunds, Adele Pearce. Story and screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 95 minutes.

DIRECTOR ALFRED HITCHCOCK has turned away from haunting ladies, spies, assassinations, and even 39 steps to invade the swank slick field of sophisticated comedy so long presided over by Ernst Lubitsch.

Here you have one of those gay young married couples, bickering brightly between kisses, very much in love with each other. Then the two suddenly discover that the Idaho wedding ceremony of three years before was illegal—and that they aren't really married at all. When the hubby-who-isn't thinks the situation is funny and doesn't do anything about it right away, wifie-who-isn't gets mad, hurls herself at her "hus-

band's" phlegmatic young law partner and in no time at all there's bedlam. For one thing, the legal partner and "Mrs." Smith get caught high in mid-air when the parachute drop at the New York World's Fair jams —and stays jammed for hours in the pouring rain.

The farce is gay and amusing, even riotous in spots, thanks to the expert Hitchcock touch, the suave, adroit, personable high-comedy talents of Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery, who, oddly enough, never were teamed before. And you'll be surprised by Gene Raymond, no longer blond, as Bob's serious-minded law partner.

For comedy connoisseurs.

VITAL STATISTICS: Edward Ward, who composed the musical score, says he saw Carole Lombard as a muted violin, Bob Montgomery as an ocarina, otherwise a "sweet potato." You'll notice the ocarina's tootle in all of Bob's scenes. . . . Carole wears $7,000 worth of clothes; 21 costume changes, from negligees to sables. Carole, by the way, got a stunt-girl's check for thirty-five dollars for her work in the parachute machine. . . . For that steam-room scene they sprayed hot vaporized engine oil over 150 pounds of dry ice. Result: a vapor that photographed like steam but smelled terrible. Bob looked at the machine, remarked, "The first mechanical skunk I ever saw!" . . . Director Hitchcock tested 225 girls to find a pretty, dignified brunette to sit next to Montgomery in that night-club sequence. Then he took the 226th—and she was a blonde: a fashion model named Georgia Carroll from Texas. . . . Note one of the longest trucking shots in film history. Director Hitchcock rode the front of a camera truck for a 189-foot walking scene, following Bob and Carole from their room, along a long hallway to a kitchen, into a butler's pantry to a refrigerator for champagne, back to their bedroom.

Short Review:

★ **KEEPING COMPANY** (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). This has all the earmarks of being the first of another family series of pictures. It is peopled by one of those average American small-town households—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, played by Frank Morgan and Irene Rich, and daughters Mary, Evelyn, and Harriet. The yarn particularly concerns Daughter Mary (Ann Rutherford), her courtship, marriage, and her first year of matrimony. Little Harriet (Virginia Weidler) is a problem child.

Attenuated—or maybe your Dr. Hills is fed up with the Hollywood pattern of home life. (80 minutes.)

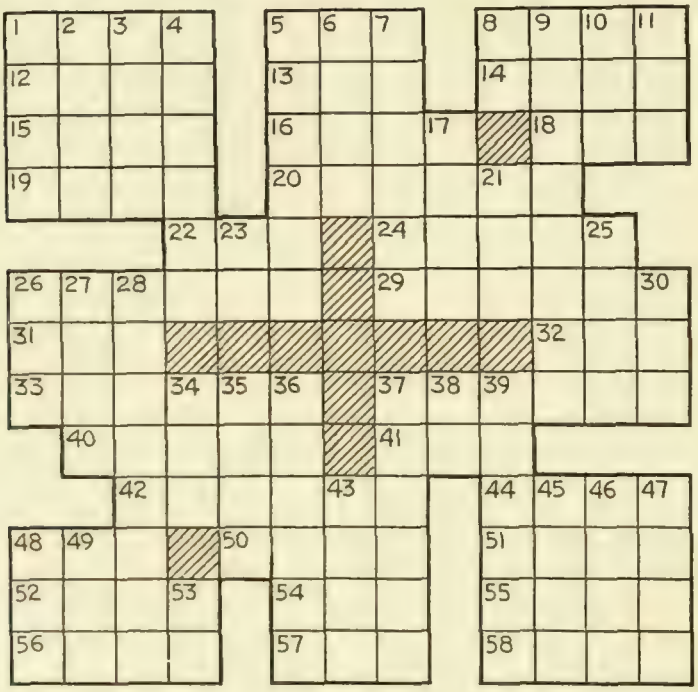
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

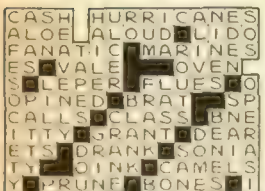
★★★★—Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night.

★★★—Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married.

THE STORY PUZZLE By Margaret Petherbridge





Last week's answer

To solve this crossword, you must first solve the story. For instead of the usual definitions, every word in the puzzle is used in the story. Read it through once and write in as many of the missing words as you can. Then go back and use your cross clues to find other words, until the story and the puzzle are done.

(A=ACROSS; D=DOWN)

More than ten years—or, rarely, a (40A)—ago, when the (19A) still ruled in Russia, there lived a lovely Princess Patricia, whose friends called her (13A). Though a (14A) slip of a girl, she was the fairest of her (11D). Her name would be in (46D) lights today, even over the movie theater in (45D), Pennsylvania. She could play Chopsticks on the (5D) and her (20A) work was wonderful. Any one who sews or (47D) with a shuttle would appreciate it. She also had a pet (26A) who talked.

She was loved by (49D) who had never studied at (50A) but who wore an (50A) jacket. His family had had financial (9D), but that did not (18A) him. Following the (37D) of the times, he rode a white horse like the (43D) Ranger, and everywhere he (44A) he was a (55A). For he was a bard with many a mournful (21D) in his repertoire. He (36D) his ballads for young lovers and wrote "(25D)" beside every romantic word. Many were the (29A) that he and the Princess kept by the mineral spring at a near-by (5A). But he did not make enough (53D) support her.

Another suitor, (12A)-de-camp to a general, was Desperate (57A). He was (30D) and slippery as an (32A) and spent much of his time in the (58A) of thieves. Forsooth, his reputation had a bad (17D). He would (52A) and rave about (49D) and spread many (2D) about him. He had a fixed (3D) that (13A) should become Mrs. (57A).

One day (13A) went (16A) the cathedral to pray for (33A) guidance. She raised her (28D) eyes (39D). It was not A. M. but (8D). Nevertheless a light shone through a rosy (6D) of glass to (7D) to her piety.

Thinking over the (8A) and cons of the situation, she took the (26A) on her shoulder and went to meet her loved (22A). Chancing to stop by a pond to pick a lily (26D), she was startled to see (57A) looking at her with a (15A).

"You (31A) mine!" he shouted.

"(23D)! (23D)!" she exclaimed. "(48A) upon you!"

She was in mortal (4D) lest he kidnap her. Her heart was like (34D). He began to (42A) her with harsh words and, seeking to escape him, she ran (53D) and (48D). Her screams could be heard over an (51A) the size of the smallest state, (38D), or 1,250 square miles.

As the eagle (24A), the bard—who was drinking at the (5A)—leaped (56A) his steed and (44A) to her rescue. Drawing his (37A) sword, he confronted the villain.

"I'll (41A) you up the back!" shouted Desperate (57A).

They fought to the bitter (54A), and at last our hero (1A) the villain's throat. Perchance his soul went downward, not (39D).

"(48A) upon him, (40A)!" croaked the punning (26A).

The Princess wept (1D) tears.

Verily (49D) was no (41A) Van Winkle. On the morrow he discovered gold (10D) in an (27D) spot in his back yard. So he and the Princess were married in the (35D) of the cathedral.

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

HOW EVERY American CAN DO HIS DUTY

This is for you! A distinguished soldier speaks to each of his fellow citizens

BY LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN Liberty handed me an assignment to write on this subject, I wondered at first whether readers would expect some magnificent solve-all program. Then I thought of Edward Everett Hale, who said:

"I am only one, but still I am one. I cannot do everything, but still I can do something; and because I cannot do everything I will not refuse to do the something that I can do."

Forget the speed of today and the reading time on this article, and pause to reread and think about that. There's the nub of the whole matter. One hundred million of us, adolescents and older. Each doing his job—at work, at home, in school. And each doing *the something that he can do* to make America strong!

How? My first suggestion may seem surprisingly simple. Read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Read our history. Know again, and better, the men who built this nation and the best form of government human ingenuity has devised. Then look abroad at a torn and bleeding world, where the only right is might. Look particularly at France, first great nation to copy our republic, where a people in dissension lost Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—and became captives.

I say the first duty of every American is a "rededication" of devotion to the ideals for which men reached, struggled, and fought for so many centuries. And which have been blacked out by force in so many nations. We need a wall of high morale, so strong and deep that no discouragement, doubt, or ism can penetrate it. That is as important as building military defense—and it's *everybody's* duty.

This preparedness effort should begin in the home. The home is the greatest of all training camps.

What next? Look about you, in your neighborhood, in your community. There are lads without work, others doing odd jobs or the roughest day labor. They are untrained. Uncle Sam and his defense industries are crying out for trained men. Can *you* do anything to help even one of these lads to acquire the skill the nation needs? Millions are on relief. As the total demand for labor increases, can you help one of these unfortunates into a job he can fill? We have four million aliens. Some have been indifferent about citizenship, but most have probably been baffled by the difficulties involved. Can you help instruct any of these in what they should know about our government and guide them through the red tape to citizenship? They will be so proud! Such things build America's strength.

Do you know whether your local officials have planned protection of your water, electricity, and fuel supply? The accidental turning of the wrong valve, letting river water into the mains in an up-state New York town, proved recently that water pollution can be as deadly as bombs from the air. In such emergencies as this it is necessary, and if war comes it will be even more so, that local law-enforcement agencies be of the highest efficiency and integrity. Does this need your attention as a citizen? Is there an area which is a "health blot" on the record of your community? Attempts should be made to correct that at any time.

But under war conditions it might become the breeding place of widespread contagion. Can community effort do anything about that now?

How is your own health and strength? If you have to perform such rigorous duties as British men and women are performing, can you take it? The time to begin physical preparedness is *now*.

I cannot draw definite diagrams for a hundred million citizens. A basic principle is that there are no rights without duties. Some one has said that the fireside patriot has no right to safety. You can't help strengthen and defend America at the fireside, and with mere talk or theory. Go out and find out for yourself what you can and should do. There are defense councils and similar bodies organizing in nearly all states and in many communities. They can give you more detailed guidance than is possible in an article in a national magazine.

MULTIPLY the something *you* can do by one hundred million. That will mean national strength. Now let's consider some more general suggestions.

Be tolerant. That's basic, important. If mistrust or hate can be spread among us, or if we spread it, the result will be defeatism for us. Disunion is what the totalitarians charge against us and hope for. Do you know of discrimination or scorn directed against any one merely because of a foreign racial origin? Or of any case of brutality—unthinking, of course—on the part of children taunting one of their number for having an alien name? Let's stop all that. The venturesome of many nations and the oppressed of all the world peopled this country. That in large measure is responsible for the genius of this nation. And mark this: Among these later arrivals you often find a keener and more fervent Americanism than among the rest of us. We take our blessings for granted; they *know* what they have gained. We need good will, shoulder-to-shoulder teamwork, to build American strength.

Speak up! If you have convictions, "tell your congressman." Or tell other local or state representatives. That is good militant democracy at any time; it's more vital in crises like this. For example, I am convinced that "we the people" were out in front of our representatives in Washington on the need for preparedness. If we'd done more speaking up, the job would have started earlier, moved faster—and at rearming we might have been several months or a year ahead of where we are now. The need for your constant and *vocal* interest in a great national effort is only begun.

Demand the truth. We can take it. During many weeks we had most gratifying reports on fine progress in industrial mobilization for defense. Insiders knew this was unwarranted. These reports were misleading to our people as a whole. Then came the shock of candid admissions that all was *not* well. The apparent reason for this rightabout was that the public must be aroused to the need for greater effort, for sacrifices.

But are we children, to be jollied along, then spanked?

No, we are adult. Moreover, we are all of us in any war, if it comes. Therefore we have all the more right to, and should demand, candor in reporting to us. Mr. Politician, I say, "Give them the truth!" That's the way to get good Americans to rally round the problem of getting rid of "bottlenecks." As they have always rallied to meet any crisis through more than a century and a half.

We are equally entitled to the truth from our defense services. In these there has been an unwise tendency toward "press-agentry." In announcements about new weapons, military, naval, or air units, and plans, it is too often implied that some important change already has been achieved fully, when the truth is that only a beginning has been made. This, of course, deceives no foreign Power. It only fools our own people. Only by knowing the truth can you know what must be done. Demand the truth.

CALMLY and without going off half-cocked, let's eliminate subversive influences in our schools. In print and speech I warned about that years ago, when it was unpopular to do so because people would not believe. Shocked awake at last, we may now be in danger of overzealousness or of excesses in suspicion.

There's only a very small minority among our teachers and students infected by foreign viruses. Most of these are not vicious; merely bemused wishful-thinkers, hoping for the millennium. If you step into this, I warn you, you will hear from some teachers a defense of "academic freedom"; the idea will be that teachers have a "freedom" or a right to teach what they please. But let's get this straight. As a citizen of a democracy, any teacher has a right, under "free speech" or our theory of civil liberties, to preach anything *outside* our schools. But there is *no* right, in the Constitution or elsewhere, to teach *in* democracy's schools doctrines whose aim is destruction of democracy. As for ism antics in student bodies, I suspect that the scornful haw-haw of healthy levelheaded youth will take care of all that.

The bearing of this on defense is clear. Years ago the Reds and their fellow travelers were against defense here and elsewhere, while the Soviet built military power. Then, as Hitler's strength increased, they preached that we must "fight Fascism." However, when Hitler and Stalin became bedfellows, they again opposed preparedness. And of course when Stalin and Hitler fall out, these termites will want us to arm overnight and start for Berlin tomorrow morning. Great agility is required to follow the "Party line." Our duty is simpler: to be influenced by neither Moscow nor Berlin, and to make our defense decisions in Washington.

We hear much of fifth-column tactics. This danger is real. It was made vivid during the last war by fires and explosions costing $150,000,000 in property damage, and probably a greater sum in lost production. This occurred in spite of the fact that the enemy of that day, in the beginning at least, had no extensive secret-service organization in this country. But we likewise had virtually no counterespionage organization.

During recent years war's dependence on steady factory output, free from sabotage, has increased. And, as we know, totalitarian systems today have their networks of spies, plotters, and saboteurs flung across all countries, including our own. Colonel William J. Donovan has reported to Secretary of the Navy Knox that Germany spends $200,000,000 annually on organization and propaganda abroad.

Obviously, then, it is the citizen's duty to be on the alert for any sign of fifth-column action. But I would like to put in a warning: Let's not get hysterical, or yield to the sleuthing temptation inherent in about eighty per cent of us—who have no talent for Sherlocking. Let's not go witch-hunting. During a long military career I have observed that even trained officers, in Intelligence work, often become too intense, lose perspective, see "things which aren't there." An untrained citizen is *much* more likely to do so.

WE have an organization for dealing with this danger now. It heads up in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, under J. Edgar Hoover. Let's follow his advice:

"We appreciate everything which the well-meaning citizen may do for us. He can be of tremendous aid in the field of observation, but not of activity. Sooner or later the spy, the saboteur, the dynamiter or the subverter will be exposed and observed by the honest American citizen. It is then that the alert American, alive to the evils of the foe who has shown his hand, will decide whether to report his unusual or seemingly subversive actions.

"To this challenge there is only one answer. In justice to himself, to his country, and to the person under suspicion, the citizen should report anything which seems to him to be out of the ordinary, and once having reported it, clear his mind and his conscience of the matter. It is then the task of experienced men of training and judgment to function—protecting the innocent and identifying the guilty."

One hundred million, each doing "the something I can do": that's how every American can do his duty. And there will be a deep glow of satisfaction and pride in it.

THE END

A moment of relaxation: The Ambassador and Mrs. Dodd and their daughter, Martha Dodd, in Berlin.

Read between the lines why Europe and England weren't ready for the Nazis' war!

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Ambassador to Hitler

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD

In September of 1936, east of the Rhine, Dodd stumbled upon a powerful German force conducting secret war maneuvers. In November Göring made his guns-or-butter appeal to the German people. Dodd learned that Nazidom was much concerned about the Roosevelt policy as to South America, which the President was to visit. Germany and Italy recognized Franco as head of war-torn Spain's people. Late in the month Dodd was given a copy of the German-Japanese "anti-Comintern" pact, which Italy was about to enter.

In December he received a report that Hitler's spokesman at a teachers' convention had denounced Christ as a Jew and added that epithet, imputing illegitimacy, which could have been applied to Hitler's own father.

German as well as Italian soldiers were being sent to Franco, who wanted more. In January Hitler spoke before the Reichstag most pacifically—and in April, on his birthday, he reviewed such a huge military demonstration as Dodd had never before seen. Meanwhile Schacht and Dieckhoff were differing as to Mussolini's intent to dominate Spain, but the one was saying and the other agreeing that Mussolini would annex Egypt.

PART SEVEN—
Attempts on Hitler's Life

April 22, 1937. On Tuesday evening General Göring, reported to be ill, hurried off to Rome to see Mussolini on his way to southern Italy for a supposed rest cure. . . .

I learned from the Czechoslovak Minister that Göring told him some days ago that several attempts to murder Hitler had been thwarted this year. I received a telegram from Washington that the young Jew, Helmut Hirsch, condemned to be executed because he was accused of trying to murder Streicher of Nürnberg, is an American citizen. That makes it necessary for me to visit the Foreign Office and insist that justice be done and that real evidence of the crime must be produced, with punishment meted out according to law.

A Swap—Spain for Austria?

April 25. The German papers feature the meeting of Mussolini with Schuschnigg, Chancellor of Austria, on April 23 in Venice. There is to be no growth of the Little Entente in the Balkan zone except under the supervision of Mussolini and Hitler. This reopens the severe problem about which Ministers from Austria and Czechoslovakia have talked hopefully of late. Mussolini will not allow these two countries to make a defensive alliance. He will not now permit a Hapsburg restoration, although for three years he promised to invade South Germany if Hitler tried to invade Austria to stop such a movement. The Hapsburg claim is the easiest excuse for Mussolini: the Balkan countries are sharply divided on this issue.

Tomorrow Göring sees Mussolini, I think to counteract any influence Schuschnigg may have had. On May 3 von Neurath goes to Rome. What will he say for Hitler? My guess: If you guarantee us Austria, we will guarantee your influence in Spain if England continues her two-faced policy. The idea of Italy and Germany is to extend their power by

threats of war, to hasten this business before England is fully ready and also before Poland unites with Rumania and the Little Entente. . . .

"We Must Execute Your Hirsch"

April 27. An official of the German Foreign Office said Helmut Hirsch, the American Jew who aimed at killing Hitler, cannot be let off with life imprisonment. He must be executed, though he did not actually try to commit the crime.

There has been no proof shown us and no word about the case printed. I think the twenty-year-old boy may have been used in a plan of revenge by the Germans in Prague whose brothers and friends were executed by Hitler in June, 1934, but I think if proof cannot be found and published, this fellow should not be executed. I have said this to the Foreign Office officials. They came back with the statement: "The American, Simpson, pardoned by us last December, is now making addresses in the United States against the Nazi system and for the Communists whose propaganda he tried to distribute here." Therefore, they say, "We must execute Hirsch." I reply: "That will mean violent press attacks because evidence is being withheld from us officially, and from every one."

How Democracy Failed Ethiopia

May 3. We visited the League of Nations building in Geneva this morning. The American representative, Arthur Sweetser, told me much about the defeats of League efforts for world peace, and agreed entirely with my official reports on the British-French blunders and the crime of the Hoare-Laval betrayal of Ethiopia in November-December, 1935. He said he was sure at the time that if sanctions had been applied that autumn Mussolini would have been compelled to submit to League decisions.

Lord Lothian as a Pro-Hitlerite—but He Was to Live to Learn!

May 6. On Monday Lord Lothian, Lloyd George's wartime secretary, the former Philip Kerr, came to Berlin at Hitler's request, and he is reported to have had two hours with the dictator. He is to be with us for luncheon today. On May 3 von Neurath was in Rome to talk with Mussolini. The same day Göring was in Yugoslavia to talk with their government chief. I shall probably learn a little of what this is all about within the next few days. I believe, though, Hitler and his intimates are uneasy about what is happening in Spain and equally anxious about the possibility of a general cooperative arrangement among the Danube-Balkan states. Germany thinks she must control if not annex them; but Italy wants to do the same thing, especially if Spain recovers its independence.

We had Ambassador Dieckhoff, leaving tonight for Washington, as honor guest. I welcomed him in a brief speech in which I mentioned humorously the low-tariff policy of the Roosevelt administration and the freedom of the Philippines. The guests laughed, except Lord Lothian, who pretended afterward that he had never heard of our low-tariff negotiations. Dieckhoff replied without referring to these difficult points, perhaps afraid of being quoted by German guests.

When we retired from the dining room, I was able to talk a little with Lothian, whom I had met in London in 1928. He was then in private life in London, and still quite enthusiastic about his former chief, Lloyd George. Now he ridiculed him and especially his recent speeches against the Tory British regime. He praised Hitler for saving Germany in 1933, and referred to his long talk of May 3 with the Führer, saying it was mostly about Mussolini and British-German relations, now quite critical. Further he was not willing to go, referring more than once to my letter to him in 1935 about the dangerous European situation. His hatred of France was revealed twice, as well as his dislike of Woodrow Wilson's efforts in 1918-20. I could hardly make out just where he belonged in European alignments. He seemed to be more a Fascist than any other Englishman I have met. Recent English criticism of Italy and especially Germany with reference to their barbarism in Spain bothered him.

Dodd Fears for U. S. Democracy

May 12. After a week of quiet, I learn today from the press people that my careful letter to Senator Bulkley of March 1 has been violently discussed in the United States Senate. My object was twofold: (1) to show how the Supreme Court, under Marshall, rendered its decisions claiming the right to veto acts of Congress; (2) to reveal once more how victorious parties defeated Presidents Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson, their own chiefs elected by overwhelming votes, when they tried to do what they had been elected to do. My conclusion was that democracy in the United States is in more danger than at any time since Lincoln.

Strange to say, senators focused on a single sentence at the end of my letter in which I said a near-billionaire had been reported to me as favoring a dictatorship not unlike those in Russia, Germany, and Italy. Fearing something like this might happen, I had sent a copy of my letter to Judge Moore, asking him to send it to the Richmond Times-Dispatch for publication. . . .

His Warning Is Misrepresented

May 15. Clippings came to me revealing what has been published about my letter—misrepresentations of a shameful kind. Senators Borah and King are my main attackers. Their aim was to make it appear absolutely necessary for me to resign my post in Berlin and then testify as to the millionaires who were being manipulated from European capitals. The State Department refused to co-operate with the senators and I believe warned them of their folly. I sent a telegram to the President today calling attention to the fact that no notice was taken of the real argument of my letter. I also sent one yesterday to Judge Moore, asking him to remind Senator King how the one sentence had been magnified, and to add that I could not give names of people who had talked to me confidentially in the United States about possible dictatorships.

I gave the American press people here careful summary statements of what I had said and why my information as to plans for the dictatorship could not be given out. They say full reports of this explanation were published. If so, some corrections may come.

Not a word has come to me from the German Foreign Office. I do not think anything has been said in the German papers, though I am sure telegrams have come from the German Embassy in Washington. . . . I am ready to resign, as Washington officials know. To do nothing here is not appealing to me.

His Candid Estimate of Davies

May 19. Today I received a cordial letter from President Roosevelt in which he said he agreed with me about the Supreme Court problem, and added that this year is the best time to have truthful, frank national discussion. The letter was written just before he left for his Gulf of Mexico vacation trip. So he was not in the United States to see how the senators attacked me for the letter I had written. The President also asked me for my personal opinion of the new Ambassador, Dieckhoff, soon to arrive in Washington.

Judge Moore wrote me also, and stated that the President has promised the Berlin post to Davies, at present in Moscow, or rather on the way via London, where he probably spent large sums to see the Coronation ceremony on May 12. Moore was so sure of this that he did not deliver my last letter to the President. From my point of view, this type of appointment seems so improper and unbecoming to our democratic country that I am greatly disposed to decline to resign as I had offered to do. The idea of having a man here who speaks no German, is insufficiently versed in European history or the background of the present situation! At any rate, I shall postpone my return to the United States and also give the President my judgment of such a man in so important a position.

All Brains Under Hitler's Thumb

May 20. Today a poor seventy-year-old German came to see me. He

lost everything he had during the inflation period and is on the pension list. But he had made an invention for preserving wood against fire and thought he could borrow some money and begin a business which would give him some property again. He had applied for his patent, he said, but the government would not allow him to register it. I was not sure, but he showed me an announcement which indicated that all inventions and discoveries belong to the government. At any rate, he was afraid, expecting to be arrested if it were known that he saw me, especially as he wished to get a passport to the United States, where he hoped he could sell his invention and make a living. I could not encourage him, because he has no means at all to start with.

This is only one of many such cases that come to my attention. I received a few days ago the Rockefeller Foundation report for 1936. It shows that 1,639 German professors and teachers have been dismissed since 1933 and that the Rockefeller Foundation has given $532,181 to help these poor people. The German system prohibits all opposition and criticism; it controls all teaching, from the low-grade schools through the universities; it will have only one church—based on certain ancient superstitions before the dawn of German history. The system has been operating only about three years but the people seem to have surrendered to an amazing extent. Their government has a propaganda chief in the Foreign Office who spends millions of dollars a year trying to spread their system over the world.

The German papers this morning carried violent attacks upon Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago because he criticized the cruel German system before a great audience of priests.

History Repeats—to Schacht

I had an appointment with Dr. Schacht this morning at twelve o'clock. I asked him if the new Ambassador, Dieckhoff, had real authority to negotiate a commercial treaty with the United States.

He did not say yes or no, but he insisted that he agreed with Secretary Hull as to lowering tariffs and thus moving toward world peace. However, he quickly said Hull had prevented Brazil from giving Germany a bilateral treaty and a credit arrangement. I did not believe this, but he insisted that he knew that Hull threatened Brazil with refusal to take coffee if she made concessions to Germany.

When Schacht went a step further and said Germany would make no other treaties except bilateral agreements like those with Italy, Belgium, and others, I saw he did not agree with Hull, and he then complained of American opposition. I asked him if he had read the German attack on Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago. He said, "Yes." I then handed him the Rockefeller report on the dismissal of 1,639 professors and teachers, and called his attention to the Rockefeller Institute's gift of $532,181. He did not deny the truth of the account, but at once said: "Yes, Catholics, Jews, and teachers suffer in Germany. It is the effect of the revolution like that of France in 1789." I questioned this. He said it could not be stopped for years and seemed reconciled to the arbitrary system which he formerly condemned when talking with me.

I was somewhat surprised. The conversation came to an end and I felt I must telegraph the gist of his comment to Washington. There is no prospect of improving German-American relations, no chance at all. Schacht talked as if the Hitler system were permanent.

Leniency? For a Jew? The Idea!

May 29. As I returned this afternoon from Magdeburg, I found a letter marked "Confidential" on the desk as I entered the house. It was from Meissner, Hitler's private secretary. It was Hitler's reply to my letter to him of April 30. I had requested commutation of sentence for poor Hirsch's crime, an "attempt to kill Streicher," they say. My points were that he had not done the deed, nor been caught trying to do it, and that he was an American citizen who would not under American law be executed for planning a thing that had not been done.

Hitler's reply was that no leniency was possible. Some time after reading the letter I called Meissner on the telephone for a brief talk. His housekeeper reported that he was out for the evening. I hoped the execution might be delayed, as I was more convinced than ever that the young boy was at worst a dupe in the affair and should not be killed.

This morning I had another curious case brought to my attention. A German woman came to me with the hope of finding a way to emigrate from Germany with a man to whom she had been engaged since 1933. The man was an engineer in high public position before Hitler came to power. He was a half-Jew. She was an assistant in the French Embassy. But the man was dismissed from his position in 1933. People were forbidden to employ him. So the marriage was postponed because it was forbidden in Germany.

The woman some time ago lost her position and could not find another. The Stürmer attacked the couple because of their continued devotion to each other. She managed to see Hitler himself to ask his tolerance, that is, the right to marry. Hitler refused, and the Secret Police took her fiancé's passport to leave Germany away from him. Letters to both of them were seized, especially all from outside Germany. The Fräulein hoped the American Consulate here might help her and her fiancé to go to the United States, where they had kinspeople but could not hear from

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them because letters were always stopped.

It seemed to me a sad case, but I could hardly see how anything could be done. She said if nothing could be done they were going to slip across the French border and the French Ambassador had promised to help them if they were arrested for want of passports.

Hark, the Herald Valkyrs Sing!

Another illustrative fact of a day or two ago was the way the dead bodies of the Hindenburg disaster were buried at Frankfurt on May 22. The Hitler district leader there had charge. The people who accompanied the bodies to the cemetery were uniformed Storm Troopers, Black Shirt companies, and the *Hitler Jugend*, tens of thousands of them. The civilians were crowded off the streets or stood in the rear when services were conducted. Although Catholic and Protestant priests and people were present, the leader, Sprenger, made no reference to God or any possible salvation of souls except that contained in the ancient pagan belief: "They had gone to their Valhalla." This seems to indicate that Rosenberg's religious system is being accepted. No complaints were reported in Frankfurt at this new-old religious service. . . .

"Do unto Others"—Who? Hitler?

May 31. As usual after some months here, I have a persistent headache. Yesterday was a busy day, although it was Sunday. I spoke at the American Church on Decoration Day, my subject being "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you"—from St. Matthew vii. My idea was to show how men nearly always lose a war, even those who win the last battles. To avoid being misquoted, I gave a brief outline to the American press in Berlin. I spoke half an hour to a perfectly still audience. I fear no German paper will print a word this week, as it was about peace.

Having received a note Saturday afternoon that Hirsch was to be executed, I went to von Neurath today to see if he could not influence Hitler to respect American law. Von Neurath indicated sympathy with my attitude and said he would see Hitler tomorrow morning and present the case, at least to ask delay.

Since everybody was excited about the bombarding of a German war vessel off the eastern coast of Spain and the killing of more than twenty Germans, I asked von Neurath how it had happened. He declared he did not know, but he said he had opposed the German bombing of a Spanish city in return. He insisted that he had urged once more that Germany agree to the withdrawal of all troops that were fighting in Spain, but he was doubtful whether the Non-Intervention Commission in London could do anything, Germany and Italy having withdrawn. He indicated that the situation was dangerous.

Enter Sir Nevile Henderson

June 2. I went this afternoon to see Meissner, Hitler's secretary, and stressed again the injustice of executing Hirsch with no evidence given to us or to our government. I also told him Secretary Hull had telegraphed me again to ask delay or, if proof was conclusive, a life sentence. He said it was proved that Hirsch was to have bombed and destroyed the Nazi Party building in Nürnberg and to have killed Streicher, the notorious Jew hater, editor of the Stürmer, but Meissner agreed that consideration should be given to American law, since Hirsch was an American citizen. He promised to see Hitler Wednesday morning and present my appeal. But he indicated that executions were done in secret in Germany and that he feared the Führer would not even delay it.

The Spanish situation looks a little easier, but reports come that airplanes, submarines, ships, and German soldiers are already on the way to Spain. The new English Ambassador here is reported to be in full sympathy with the German-Italian aggression in Spain. His name is Henderson, and he was in Argentina several years before coming here. He had already revealed his complete pro-Franco attitude, seemingly unaware of the dangers to England. He is also reported to have informed the German government that England would make no objections if Hitler seized Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Dodd's Guess at a "New Order"

Miss Schultz, the correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, reported this afternoon that von Neurath is leaving Berlin on June 7 to visit the governments of Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Bulgaria. My guess is that his mission is to defeat the efforts of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania to enlarge the Little Entente for mutual protection. This visit seems also the logical outcome of the plan to help Italy conquer Spain. Germany will then advance its thousand-year aim to annex or at least subordinate all the Balkan countries. Italy is to be the master of the Mediterranean area except for France, and Germany the master of 80,000,000 people all the way to Greece. Information today is sad.

Mussolini Had the King Killed?

June 3. I made two revealing if ineffective visits this afternoon. I saw the French Ambassador at 5 P. M. He agrees as to the imminent dangers of today, Italy taking Spain, and Germany, later, taking the Balkan States. He said von Neurath had told him Tuesday that he had prevented or at least argued successfully in a Cabinet session Monday against Germany's continuing her bombings in Spain. This is stronger than what I had learned Monday.

When I indicated our troubles about Hirsch, he said he knew about the case but was not surprised at Hitler's attitude. Then he added: "I know that Mussolini ordered the killing of the King of Yugoslavia when he landed in Marseilles two years ago. That is the dictator's way of doing things."

From the French Embassy I went directly to the German Foreign Office, where von Mackensen, son-in-law of von Neurath, told me that his father-in-law had argued with Hitler Tuesday morning, as he had promised to do, against the execution of Hirsch. He then said Meissner had seen Hitler this morning, and again at two this afternoon, to warn him about the international repercussions of the case; but he added, "Hitler would not even postpone the execution and Hirsch is to be beheaded tomorrow morning at sunrise." There is no way to stop it. . . .

Hitler's Headsman Does His Job

June 4. The poor Hirsch had his head chopped off this morning at sunrise. When the press representatives came to me, I felt compelled to give the facts about the execution and all our efforts to save his life, though we never claimed complete innocence on his part. This young Jew, not unnaturally, may have listened to the advice of persecuted Germans outside the country and may have wished to kill Streicher, whose one profession for five years has been to persecute Jews and drive them out of the country.

With all the troubles people have in Europe, the United States also shows rather sad evidence of abuses there which may, after a while, lead to troubles for the democracy which all of us hoped to achieve, and which we actually believed in, though it has not been really practiced on a national scale. . . .

"What Is to Come of This?"

June 5. This has been a hard week, with the German bombing of helpless people in Almeria, Spain, early Monday morning, and the refusal to grant Hirsch any consideration at all, though our government repeatedly asked for actual proof and consideration of our law, since the man had not actually been caught trying to murder Streicher. But treatment of peoples is more arbitrary than it has been since the Middle Ages. What is to come of all this one cannot say: German domination of all Europe or another war?

What, indeed? A crucial summer—little though stay-at-home America realized it! The Popular Front was to fall, leaving France in disorder. England was to "appease," Hitler to demand more and more—and Dodd was to find President Roosevelt greatly troubled by the war danger. How the black clouds looked from diplomacy's watch towers, the Dodd diary will reveal to you in Liberty next week!

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

MAY I put in my two cents' worth *in re* a name for soldiers in training? (January 18 Liberty.) Let's call them buckaroos. When spoken it has a strong, earthy, healthy sound.

Private, Camp Pendleton, Va.

From present returns, "yearling" is the most popular name. Other suggestions: "doughnuts" instead of doughboys; "goboys"; "D-men"; "Yanks"; "darbies"; "patriots"; and in the Middle West it appears the monicker "lucky fellers" has caught on to some extent.

What has that fellow at Camp Dix got to kick about—paying $1.65 for laundry? Up here they nick us for two bucks.

Private, Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

Old Sarge's check-up shows considerable variation in laundry costs between various camps. The range is between $1.50 and $3, depending on locality. How about it, Washington? Any chance to get the rate uniform?

I hear tell that the men in Uncle Sam's navy get cigarettes for about seven cents a pack. Why do men in camp have to pay the regular price?

Corporal, Fort Dix, N. J.

Smokes for consumption within the country must bear the 6-cent internal revenue stamp. When sold on ships at sea or foreign posts, no stamp is necessary. But the gobs don't get all the breaks. Ever try the chow on a destroyer in a sou'west blow?

The idea seems to have gone around that the "tough old top sarge," like the buffalo, has disappeared. Well, I know that there's at least one old top sarge just as tough as they ever were. He is called Wild Bill by the battery, and woe unto the private who hints he can't take it. Although he's forty-seven, he's as tough as the day he enlisted twenty-seven years ago. He thinks he can hike and shoot like the best of us, and doggone if he isn't right. Although his growls would shame a lion, C Battery wouldn't be the same without him. Here's to more Wild Bills in the army.

Private, Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

Well, sir, that just naturally warms the cockles of Old Sarge's ticker. Here's how, Wild Bill!

I'd like to jump on Sergeant M. D. S. (McClellan) for his letter to you, January 11. In reference to the boys in training at present he asks, "What in hell have they got to squawk about?" I've been in the army for five years, and I've never seen conditions as poor as they are at present. Here half the men are in hospitals, and most of the rest held in their respective company areas under quarantine. When a regiment as famous as the 31st (Dixie) Division is sent here, I can tell you there's plenty to squawk about. But! We're not squawking! Just letting Sergeant M. D. S. know the facts, and I'll warrant he'd squawk were he here.

Sergeant, Camp Blanding, Fla.

Camp Blanding is not a fair comparison. It got off to a bad start and really earned its reputation as a "Little Siberia." Conditions were far below the average of national camps, and men really suffered. But the place is being civilized rapidly. Parents with boys there must have received some justified letters of complaint. They can feel better now. The camp is almost up to normal and will be O. K. soon.

All this griping gets me down. I put twelve years in the National Guard, and now I am a soldier in the army of the United States, and proud of it. If the going gets tough, why holler? I know our C. O. will make it as easy as possible, because he is from civil life too.

Don't let anybody think we aren't soldiers. Our outfit is about the oldest National Guard field artillery in the United States. Time and again we have met the Regular Army in all kinds of competition, and we have yet to find an outfit better than we are. This is not bragging, but just to say no Regulars can throw rocks at us. Most of us gave up damn good jobs to go for this year of training and many of us could have stayed home. I have a wife and two small children. As for the food—well, we have the finest in the country. I should know. I'm a mess sergeant.

Sergeant, Camp Murray, Wash.

There's not too much griping, sarge. Just everybody speaking his piece in the hope of making everything the best possible under the circumstances. That's healthy—and democracy. Anyhow, I see your mess has one solid rooter!

What branch of the service can a man with an upper dental plate enlist in? Am in splendid physical condition otherwise.

C. W. L., Bellingham, Wash.

If your plate fits well, you're under no handicap. Drop around to the nearest recruiting station and talk it over with the sergeant there. He'll give you good advice.

No profiteering, hey? No one going to get rich in this war to be?

Well, what about five cents apiece for razor blades my boy has to pay at the canteen, and ten cents for a cake of soap? What about three dollars a month for laundry and a dollar a month for amusement?

Also, they could not find a coat to fit my son, so they gave him one too large and soaked him three dollars to fit it. Is this the way to treat boys that have enlisted for old Uncle Sam?

And then held their pay until December 31, letting them come home without a penny. All this at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois.

Father, Rochester, Pa.

Several other letters complain that prices at Chanute Field are out of line. Perhaps the squawks are a little exaggerated. Old Sarge would like to have reports on prices from all camps, then make up a summary letting everybody know what sort of shake he is getting in comparison with others.

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Jealousy, intrigue, and a sh
that felled a Queen — A nev
colorful chapter of revelation i
the amazing chronicle of a lov
affair that shook a thron

Madame

Queen Marie, her lover, Prince Stirbey, and the powerful Jon Bratianu were responsible for the exile from Rumania of Crown Prince Carol and his red-haired mistress, Magda Lupescu. Yet, indirectly, it was Bratianu who was responsible for their return. While Carol and Magda were in Paris, and later in England, a new party sprang up in Rumania—the National Peasant Party, led by Juliu Maniu. Maniu was a native of Transylvania, which was one of the territorial crumbs which Bratianu himself had helped to sweep from the Paris peace table. The National Peasant Party became strong, and in 1929 Maniu became Premier. Although he disapproved of Lupescu, he wanted the rightful King to be on the throne, rather than the child King Mihai, under a vacillating regency. But he also wanted Carol's divorce from Helena annulled. Carol seemed to agree to his demands, but as soon as he returned he proclaimed himself King, bought off Helena for $80,000 a year, and set up Magda Lupescu again in Bucharest.

A quarrel over another woman, a Nazi sympathizer, parted Carol and Magda, and the country believed that at last her power over their King was broken. Mobs, fired by anti-Semitic orators, surged in the Boulevard Elizabetha shouting, "Into the fire with this Jewish wolf, Lupescu!"

PART FIVE—A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF . .

FACED by Carol's defection, that extraordinary woman Magda Lupescu remained, as always, imperturbable.

"Don't you worry. He'll come back!" was her invariable reply to those who sought to condole with her.

Her confidence had a twofold foundation.

First, of course, there was the strong personal hold which she knew she still had on the King's affections. The heady wine of their first passionate love may have become diluted, but it was still strong enough to make the mistress sure of her man, even in competition with the younger and slimmer charmers with whom she personally kept him supplied. And to the physical tie there had been added with time a mental companionship which was even more important to the King than to her.

"Whenever Carol has a difficult state problem to solve," one of Madame's few intimates once told me, "he asks Magda's advice. Increasingly he relies on her feminine intuition, and it seldom fails him."

His royal mother, if she had been as wise as she was beautiful, might have kept some such intellectual hold upon her son. But to Marie, the sight of her little boy playing at being King was a matter for condescension, even mirth. Because she refused to treat Carol as a grown-up man and a king, she lost him.

The mistress was careful not to make the mother's mistake. She never forgot that her lover *was* the King.

To the proud, high-strung, complicated man who was now gradually emerging out of the madcap playboy she had first known, Magda's bulwarking of his newly acquired self-respect was as strong a tie as the physical urge which had first drawn him to her.

The Queen Mother in her flowing black robe threw herself between them.

Magda Lupescu knew all this. She knew, too, that Carol, although not a Rumanian, was motivated by a strong nationalistic feeling. He resented the intrusion of *any* foreign Power into the affairs of his kingdom.

In the first heat of his passion for Maria Munteanu, he might refuse to look at the proofs of her perfidy, which Magda knew Colonel Moruzoff, Carol's secret-service chief, had collected; but the time would come, she felt sure, when his sense of duty would force him to do so. Then, she knew, his rabid nationalism would assert itself—along with his rabid resentment!

Frankly, however, no one else shared her faith.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Pompadour OF RUMANIA

Weeks passed. The Lupescu household, all except Lupescu herself, gave up hope of a reconciliation. Then, one afternoon, came the news that Maria Munteanu had been deported by order of the King. And that night, at seven sharp, the good old voice of the secret-service man at the royal palace came over the wire to announce that His Majesty was on his way to 2 Alea Vulpache.

"You were right, as usual, Duduie!" exclaimed Carol as he let himself into the great Jacobean hall, embraced his mistress passionately and presented her with a magnificent emerald ring.

After this brief rift, the lovers seemed closer than ever. There was a new serious note, however, in their relations. The King was no longer the lavish playboy pouring out his riches on a lady of the night. In their own eyes, if not in the eyes of the law, they were indubitably married.

The immediate, compelling reason for this change in relationship, this "settling down" of Carol and Magda, was undoubtedly the demonstration which they had just seen of the bitterness of the anti-Semitic feeling in their country. For the moment, the public's knowledge that she still retained the royal favor was enough to quiet open demonstrations against her. But it was well known to both Carol and Magda that the Iron Guard had not given up its intention to be rid of "that woman" at any cost.

We have previously referred to the Iron Guard as Rumania's fifth column. It *is* that, and more, since it goes in its bloody history far back of Adolf Hitler's regime of terrorism and counts its beginnings in long established anti-Semitism which is native to Rumania, and from which, to some extent, Hitler's own Jew-baiting stems.

A Rumanian professor, Alexander Cuza (not to be confused with the nation's founder, John Alexander Cuza) is generally regarded as the father of the movement of which Hitler is now the most conspicuous leader. Old Professor Cuza, who is over eighty-three if he is still alive, adopted the swastika as his symbol of Jew hatred back in 1910 during Herr Hitler's pre-corporal days.

The Iron Guard as the shock troops of the movement originated somewhat later in the mind of a violent young Jew-hater called Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, whose real nationality was Polish, not Rumanian, and whose real name was Zelinsky, not Codreanu. Starting his career of terrorist by murdering the Mayor of Jassy, when that official ventured to arrest university students for anti-Semitic outrages, he quickly gained national leadership by founding a secret Jew-baiting society which he impiously called The League of the Archangel Michael—but which later came to be known as the Iron Guard.

Presently Codreanu and his gang popped up in the investigation of some fifteen political murders which followed each other with bewildering rapidity. Repeatedly they were arrested and brought to trial, but almost always they escaped punishment of even the lightest kind, because they were of use to the Bratianu-Stirbey palace camarilla and even to the opposition party of honest Juliu Maniu, since they were continually stirring up public sentiment against their common enemy, the Jewish Pompadour, Magda Lupescu.

Also, at the time of which we speak, Iron Guard leaders were beginning to look upon Carol himself and his anti-Nazi policies as obstacles which must be removed from the path of their masters, the Axis dictators.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the danger which hung over them brought the lovers more closely together in the common bond of self-preservation.

Magda now confined her life more narrowly to her own villa, and Carol made more public show of his efforts to be a good father; and in that new role he was doing all right until the shadow of Nazism fell between him and his son.

A natural-born schoolteacher, the King took a special pleasure in laying out a curriculum for Mihai designed to give him a mental vision beyond the horizon of even the best Rumanian schools, and in establishing within the palace a group of a dozen youths of Mihai's age chosen from all ranks of Rumanian life to act as schoolmates for the young Prince.

That the eighteen-year-old youth, instead of exhibiting any of the expected broadening results of this training, has swung so far into the camp of the despoilers of his country as to be a willing tool of Hitler and Mussolini is obviously not due to any parental neglect on his father's part. In fact, it should be said that in his relations with his son, Carol comes nearest to displaying the finer qualities which his idolatrous biographers attribute to him. Given time, he might have communicated those finer qualities to his boy.

But the agents of Adolf Hitler, having failed in their efforts to separate King Carol from his love, were destined to fare better in their efforts to array his son on the side of their hateful doctrines. Mihai became, if not a secret member of, at least a secret sympathizer with the Nazi-financed murderous Iron Guard, which was conspiring to overthrow his father's government and betray Rumania to the Axis Powers—a betrayal which is now in full effect.

Mihai had been largely under the influence of his mother, Princess Helena, during his childhood, and had naturally acquired the latter's resentment of his father's devotion to Madga Lupescu. To no one, in fact, was "that woman" more distasteful

than to the intolerant young Prince when Carol began his belated career of fond parent. But so assiduous and so effective were the older man's attentions that Mihai not only accepted his father one hundred per cent but finally consented to meet Lupescu.

The arrangement was never a complete success. Whenever Carol, who was of an extremely demonstrative nature, laid his hand affectionately on the person of his "Duduie," Mihai, who still blushes like a girl, would color up so obviously that embarrassment was felt by all.

But Carol was by nature stubborn. He was determined that his son and the woman whom he regarded as his real wife should be friends.

Magda gave him every co-operation. She emerged from her retirement sufficiently to give a series of parties for the Prince, to which she invited the prettiest girls in Bucharest. But Mihai had none of his father's precocity so far as women were concerned. He was attracted much more deeply by the mystic and strict discipline of the Iron Guard.

In short, Mihai proved difficult, and he has continued to do so, not only for Madame Lupescu but for most people who have tried to approach him along the avenues which normally appeal to youthful spirits.

Latterly there has been much talk of a highly respectable girl friend, one Helena Malxa, daughter of a rich industrialist whom Mihai's Iron Guard friends have now thrown into jail. His feeling for the daughter, whatever it may have been, was not strong enough to cause him to lift a royal hand in behalf of the father, or even to show visible concern as to the latter's fate. In fact, Mihai as a great lover has proved to be something of a dud.

IT was the Iron Guard poison of anti-Semitism, however, rather than lack of flair for the romantic, which finally turned Mihai against Lupescu. He refused any longer to attend Madame's parties, but not until he had openly worn the anti-Semitic swastika in her presence.

"That night," said one of her intimates, "I found Magda sobbing."

That Lupescu should be forced to bear the brunt of anti-Semitic feeling was natural in a situation where every man's hand was against her on general principles; but it has its ironical side, because Magda herself is a devout Christian. She was educated in a convent and brought up by a Catholic mother in the Catholic faith. Today she is a deeply religious woman and contributes lavishly to church charities.

Mihai was not the only member of the royal family imbued with the spirit of the Iron Guard.

His mother, the Greek princess, in spite of her native country's strong anti-Fascist feelings, of which the world has recently had such convincing proof, was notorious for her Axis sympathies. Prior to the outbreak of actual war, she lived in Italy, and now she has sought new sanctuary in Germany.

Carol didn't care much what Princess Helena thought or did. He was through with her forever, at the price of $80,000 a year. The attitude of his own brother, Prince Nicholas, however, was more important.

Nicholas had been, you will recall, one of the trio of regents who ruled the country during the three years of the child Mihai's occupancy of the throne, and he had played no small

"Break your lease for you, mister?"

part in bringing Carol back to Rumania and establishing him on his throne. The brothers had been close friends from childhood, and they might have remained friends in spite of differing political views, if it had not been for the women they loved.

Like Carol, Nicholas had married a commoner, a smart young divorcee named Jana Dolete Saveanu, who was the daughter of a one-time president of the Chamber of Deputies. Like Carol, too, he had divorced his wife to please his mother. But in every respect the romantic careers of the two men were as different as their political views, their personal appearance, their characters, and their lady friends.

"It is hard to imagine two more dissimilar brothers," one close observer said to me not long ago. "Carol, sturdy, heavily built, dark blond with a soft, reddish, sensual face and slow movements, a South German or Austrian type; Nicholas, lean, black-haired, pale, with bony features, ascetic-looking, energetic and alert, typically Mediterranean, almost Latin in his appearance."

Magda and Jana were quite as different in appearance and characteristics as their lovers, but, as we shall soon see, they were destined to play similar parts in the careers of the royal brothers.

Mention has been made in these chapters of certain documents which have come into our possession, never before published and in some cases never before known to exist, which enable us to reveal behind-the-scenes details hitherto carefully concealed. One such document gives the spicy details of the long-standing jealousy between Madame Lupescu and Madame Saveanu, which is believed to have brought about the final break between the two royal brothers and the mysterious death of their mother, Queen Marie.

With certain necessary omissions and additions in the interest of clarity, the account which follows is taken from this hitherto unpublished revelation of the Rumanian royal intrigue which was to contribute so much to the ultimate downfall of Carol and Magda.

THE trouble began when Magda not only followed the King to Bucharest, but also was admitted—informally, at least—to the court. Nicholas began to demand equal rights for the woman whom he still considered his wife, and on his insistence, Madame Saveanu, as she was called, was also *de facto* admitted, and immediately became the bitter enemy of Magda Lupescu.

Madame Saveanu now urged Nicholas to remarry her and to have her recognized as Princess of Rumania and their son as Prince. This was too much for Magda Lupescu. Saveanu must go.

Nicholas countered by insisting indignantly that he would make Jana once more his legal spouse, even if it meant the sacrifice of his rank and title. Whereupon Carol, listening only to Magda and forgetting his own insistence on marrying the little Lambrino girl, pompously announced that he would not tolerate the "sullying of the glory of his crown by a misalliance of his brother."

Nicholas was not the man to yield. Defying his brother's order, he once more married the woman whom he had once divorced, and departed with her and their child for Paris, where he devoted his days to sports and business and his nights to conspiracy and intrigue.

Infuriated by Magda Lupescu's victory, wounded in her pride by her status as the morganatic wife of an exiled prince, Madame Saveanu made her drawing room the meeting place of all those who pretended to sympathize with her grief. And very soon she and Nicholas became pawns in Hitler's and Mussolini's power game.

Nicholas' conversion to Fascist ideas was a welcome asset for the two dictators. His influence on young Mihai, the number of his friends in army circles, and his rank as nominal president of Rumania's Supreme War Council made him appear a useful ally. From Paris, the princely couple shifted their residence to Rome, where the tottering business ventures of the enterprising prince at once received substantial backing from a capitalist who for some time had acted as liaison officer between the

ever hungry treasury of the Rumanian Iron Guard and the inexhaustible secret funds abroad.

Meanwhile, Nicholas' friends in Bucharest had not remained inactive; and finally, urged by the aging Queen Mother, King Carol became convinced that the nuisance of an occasional domestic quarrel was a minor evil compared to the estrangement of his brother and the sorrow of his mother. The damage, after all, had been done. Nicholas had concluded a morganatic marriage and Carol had refused to recognize Madame Saveanu as his in-law. They had both had their way. So finally he invited his brother to return.

This time, however, it was Nicholas who gave in to the passions of the woman he loved. Inflamed by Madame Saveanu's indignation, he gave open expression to his hostility to the King.

The situation became tense when Carol discovered that Nicholas was continually in close contact with the Iron Guard and that he was holding long conferences with its leaders. Alarmed, Carol deposed his brother as president of the Supreme War Council, replacing him with General Angelesco, an old personal enemy of Nicholas. Nicholas refused to resign. Addressing himself directly to the troops, he declared that he was still president of the Supreme War Council and commander of the army. His proclamation was suppressed by the secret police.

AN open struggle seemed inevitable. But, acting perhaps on advice from abroad, Nicholas departed pronto for Italy, where he paid an airplane visit to his former ward and nephew, Mihai, who had gone to Florence for a short vacation with his mother Princess Helena. With Nicholas in his plane came Mussolini's son-in-law, Galeazzo Ciano.

Mihai, it happened, had met with an automobile accident and was confined for several weeks in a hospital under the care of his mother. While Nicholas went on to Paris, Ciano frequently called on the Rumanian Crown Prince, who was greatly flattered by his attentions and soon developed a boundless admiration for the brilliant young sportsman and Foreign Minister.

In the romantic exaltation of his fifteen years, he became convinced that Galeazzo and he were from now on linked by genuine friendship. This friendship was sealed, so far as Mihai was concerned, when, on the eve of his departure, Count Galeazzo on behalf of his father-in-law, Benito Mussolini, himself solemnly conferred upon Mihai the golden ensign of the Roman Fascio.

Meanwhile, the relations between King Carol and his brother had become unbearable. Carol categorically ordered Nicholas to divorce his wife. Nicholas categorically refused. Queen Marie intervened. Notwithstanding her heart ailment, she rushed imploringly from the palace of the King to the residence of the Prince, from the Prince to the King and back to her own Codrocene Palace. At last, sinking her pride, she begged Magda Lupescu to call on her.

Nothing has ever been revealed about the interview of the Queen with Magda Lupescu, except that it lasted nearly two hours. That night, however, Carol agreed to meet his brother in his mother's palace for what was supposed to be a final reconciliation in the presence of the royal family, the Premier, and old Miron Cristea, head of the Church.

When her sons joined her, apparently reconciled, Marie seemed reinvigorated by her success. But her happiness was to be short-lived.

Carol was standing next to the armchair of his mother, when Mihai, wearing the golden ensign of the Roman Fascio, entered the room and came up to greet his grandmother. Infuriated, the King tore the ensign from his son's uniform and boxed his ears. Prince Mihai hid behind the dowager Queen, who had risen, her hands pressed to her heart, her face as pale as her pearls.

At this moment Prince Nicholas stepped forward to rebuke his brother for slapping the Crown Prince in the presence of their guests.

Whether it was the insult to his former ward that inflamed him or the insult to the symbol of the cause which he had espoused, no one will ever know. But one thing is certain: Nicholas suddenly poured out on his royal brother the pent-up emotions of what he and the woman he loved regarded as years of relentless persecution—and he ended with a nasty reference to Carol's "Jewish mistress."

The King, beside himself with anger, replied with an unrepeatable insult. Nicholas sprang toward him. The Queen Mother in her flowing black robe threw herself between them.

A revolver's bullet sang through the room.

Marie of Rumania fell bleeding to the floor!

Which brother fired the shot that wounded his mother? Can the King hold his own—and keep the woman he loves—much longer against the enmity of the Iron Guard and his own divided family? Read the inside story of his struggle next week.

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READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BOBO THE MAGNIFICENT

Gather round, you hot-stove league fans . . . Here's a baseball classic from life

IN the early spring of 1925 two men in front of the Rock Hill, South Carolina, cigar store were talking dolefully and paying no attention to the rawboned seventeen-year-old kid who was impolitely listening.

"We got no chance," the two were agreeing. "How can we win a ball game without a pitcher?"

They were from near-by Aragon, and Aragon's pitcher had developed a sore arm on this day of the big game with Blue Buckle Hill. The boy was in Rock Hill visiting his sister. He had played a year of sand-lot ball, had never earned a nickel at it. Yet he calmly interrupted them:

"Gentlemen, I'll pitch the game for you—and I'll win it, too. How much will you pay me?"

They made him an offer. "Fifty dollars!" he echoed. "I'm Buck Newsom! But I'll be fair with you. I'm a gamblin' man. If I win, you pay me double—and if I lose, which I won't, you pay me nothin'." On those terms the deal was closed.

He won the ball game 3 to 2, driving in two of his team's runs. . . .

It is now midsummer of 1928, and we find him pitching for the Greenville team in the East Carolina League. As we come upon him, he is leaving its "clubhouse," and has in his pocket his unconditional release. The first place he heads for is the telegraph office, where he wires the manager of the Wilmington club:

YOU ARE NOW IN FOURTH PLACE. IF YOU WANT TO WIN THE PENNANT, ONLY ONE MAN CAN DO IT FOR YOU. SEND FARE AND I GUARANTEE PENNANT.
BUCK NEWSOM

The Wilmington team were so flabbergasted by the utter modesty of the wire that they sent him his fare. For the remainder of the season his record was 15 games won and 3 lost—and it did win the pennant. . . .

It is now September, 1929, and he has had a great year with Macon—so great that as we see him he has just finished putting on his uniform in the visitors' clubhouse in St. Louis—and the lettering across the uniform spells out B-R-O-O-K-L-Y-N!

Buck heads toward the Dodger dugout. The game is in the fourth inning, and little Watson Clark is getting his ears pinned back by the Cardinal hitters. Newsom gets to the bench, sticks out his paw, and says:

"Are you Uncle Robbie? Well, I'm Buck Newsom. Let me at them guys. I'll guarantee they won't hit me like they're a-hittin' him, if you're smart enough to give me a chance!" . . .

And now it is July, 1940, and Buck Newsom is the best pitcher in the American League. He is on a train carrying him from the All-Star game in St. Louis. Clark Griffith asks him when he's going to pitch against Griffith's Senators, and explains, "I want to advertise you in the papers."

"Good," he says. "And put in your ad that I'm going to whup you, too."

Fifteen eventful years have rolled on their way between the first and the last of the four incidents. Many things have happened. All over the world virtually everything is changed. But not Louis Norman Buck Bobo Newsom. Whatever his boasts have been, he's made good on them. He not only does what he's promised but adds a little extra for good measure.

When it was announced late last season that Bobby Feller would pitch every other day for the Indians in the closing days of the 105° fever pennant race, Newsom snorted. "Bobby ought to pitch every day, like I'm going to do," he declared.

Fans all over the country rose on their hind legs and hooted. Who did Newsom think he was, anyway? Pitch every day? Why, the man was nuts! But the next day was September 25 and the Tigers were playing the Chicago White Sox in a double header. Newsom took an extra large chew of tobacco—*and won both games!*

His real name is Louis Norman Newsom. Buck was his sole nickname until he joined the Senators in 1935. The clubhouse boy in Washington was nicknamed Bobo, and he in turn called every one else Bobo. From him Newsom picked up both the name and the habit, so that today, when you see him, he'll say:

"Hello, Bobo. How'd you like that game Old Bobo pitched yesterday?"

One of these days a sports columnist is going to classify and list all the fractures, abrasions, and contusions that Newsom has suffered—and find himself halfway to an M. D. degree. In 1932 the Cubs drafted him from Little Rock, and he wrote owner Phil Wrigley a modest note:

I just wanted to write and congratulate you and the team on getting me in the draft. I will win at least 20 games for you, as I am in perfect shape.

That last statement of Bobo's was a slight exaggeration. At the moment he was in the Hartsville, South Carolina, hospital with a plaster cast on his freshly broken right leg.

JERRY D. LEWIS

The Cubs having bought him, he had decided to drive to Chicago. He had driven only a few miles in a teeming rain before he skidded off the road and over a cliff. For three months he lay in the hospital writing letters to Wrigley, telling him always what great shape he was in and how many games he was going to win for the Cubs. Finally the leg healed so that Buck could walk, and he accompanied his uncle J. E. Newsom to a mule sale in Columbia. One of the mules broke loose and, not having read Buck's letters to Wrigley, up and kicked him in that healed leg.

Results: It was rebroken, and he didn't get to report to the Cubs until the middle of May.

"Hornsby was managing the Cubs that year," Buck tells you, "and he was fine. He said, 'Take things easy and get some strength in that leg.' Then one day I went up to him and said, 'O. K., Rog, stick me in there. I can pitch now.' So he sent me off the next day to Reading, Pennsylvania. I never did quite get to understand the Cubs, anyway."

In 1933 he had even less chance to understand them. He went to the Cubs' Catalina Island training camp and beat everybody he faced during the spring training season—and when it was over, the Cubs farmed him out again, this time to the Los Angeles Angels.

At Los Angeles he won *thirty* games, and did so despite the fact that he pitched for one whole month with a *broken thumb on his pitching hand!* His reward for that great season in California was to be drafted to the big leagues by the St. Louis Browns. In 1934 he pitched a no-hit game—in which he got beat!

In 1935 Clark Griffith bought him for the Senators for $40,000 in cash. Buck shouted all over Washington that as a token of his appreciation to Griff he was going to pitch a shutout in his first game. The next day he blithely let the White Sox down with five hits and no runs to make good his promise. In his next game he ran into trouble:

"I was kidding Earl Averill up there at the plate, and he said if I threw him an outside pitch he'd knock me down. So I threw him the outside pitch, and he knocked me down. It was as simple as that."

The ball bounced off his knee and rolled away toward first base. He got up and dragged his leg along to where the ball was. He picked it up and threw Averill out at first by a step.

"I guess you got enough now, Mr. Showboat!" yelled Billy Knickerbocker from the Cleveland bench when Newsom fell back to the grass.

Buck heard Knickerbocker, and burned. He picked himself up, brushed his pants, and told Bucky Harris:

"Old Bobo is O. K. Don't even warm anybody up."

Harris went back to the bench and Newsom finished the game. He struck out six of the better Indian sluggers. He also made two base hits, one of them an infield safety on which he had to hustle down to first. And he covered first base on a bunt play. After the final out he stumbled to the dressing room, grabbed the Washington trainer, Mike Martin, and gasped, "Bobo, my leg's broke."

Martin, who was used to him, said, "Bobo, you're crazy." But as he ran his fingers over Buck's knee he almost fainted. Buck had pitched seven innings *with a smashed kneecap!*

In 1936 Bobo was the number one pitcher of the Senators, and was accorded the honor of pitching the first game, the one at which the President always throws out the first ball. In the third or fourth inning Ben Chapman bunted down the third-base line. Both Buck and third baseman Ossie Bluege went for the ball. Bluege got it, and snapped his throw to first. Buck had neglected to tuck in his jaw, and the ball hit and broke it. But he finished the game, of course, and beat the Yankees 1 to 0.

"I had to finish that game. The President was out there to see Old Bobo, and Bobo never disappoints."

Four days later, taking his regular pitching turn, he beat the Athletics.

In 1937 the front office of the Senators decided to trade Newsom. They traded him to the Boston Red Sox—not to the Mayo Brothers' Clinic. He disappointed the Red Sox in '37 by winning 17 games and breaking only a finger. In 1938 Joe Cronin traded him back to the St. Louis Browns.

There Bobo broke only one finger all season, and he won twenty games, a remarkable showing. The Browns finished seventh, and stayed out of last place only because the Athletics insisted on proving that they could play even worse baseball.

All the time Buck was keeping his eye on the Tigers. In May, 1939, he became a Tiger. His arrival in Detroit was the beginning of the end of the Yankee domination of the baseball world. Without him and his 21 victories in 1940, the Tigers would have finished a thirty-cent cab ride from Tibet.

By July 17 he had won 13 consecutive games and stood within four of a new major-league record. The Tigers went to Boston. In the fifth inning Ted Williams slashed a line drive down the first-base line, which Rudy York came up with. Buck went over to cover first on the play, and York let go with a heave that was slightly cockeyed. Buck stretched out his bare hand, but he couldn't hold on to the ball. He retired the next five hitters after Williams, though. Then Manager Del Baker asked him why he wasn't throwing any more curve balls. Buck held up his right hand. His thumb was broken and the bone was almost sticking through the skin!

But all of Buck's previous career fades when you come to the 1940 World Series. He brought his dad up from Hartsville to see him in his hours of triumph. His dad had seen only one big-league ball game in his life, and that one long ago, when only he and Buck knew that Buck was the best pitcher in the big time.

Buck pitched the opening game, and won it too easily to have any real chance to show off. That was on Wednesday afternoon. Then, in the gray hours of Thursday morning, the big happy guy became the big sad guy. His dad was there taking a holiday. Death wasn't. And the old man never lived to read the morning papers that would have told him what a hero his son was.

There were still six games to go. But who could tell how the swaggering, boisterous Bobo would react to the greatest tragedy of his life?

Del Baker called on him to pitch the Sunday game. Victories stood at two each, which made this fifth a "must" game for the Tigers. "I'm going to win this one for my dad," Newsom said just before he went out to pitch. It wasn't said melodramatically, nor as a press release. Just a statement of fact.

It almost goes without saying that he won the ball game. And when it was over he was man enough to break down and cry like a poor kid on Christmas Day.

In the last and deciding game Baker called on him again. The Tigers scored a run in the third inning, and in the fourth, with two out, Pinky Higgins doubled. Canny Paul Derringer purposely passed Billy Sullivan to get at Newsom. Bobo swung hard at Derringer's first good pitch, and belted what looked like a sure base hit between third and short. But Higgins ran right into the ball—and that was the third out.

With that run added to his lead, it is almost certain that Newsom never would have been headed. Without it, he was prey to the Reds when they put on their only show of run-making ability in the 26 series innings he pitched against them. With those two runs in the seventh went the ball game, the series, and his chance to be the first pitcher in twenty years to win three games in one series.

But as the game ended the Cincinnati fans gave Newsom as great an ovation as any ballplayer, winner or loser, ever got. As Bill Corum wrote:

"They stood and they cheered, for they knew, every one of them, that there they were watching a pitcher go."

And quite a man, too.

THE END

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

THROUGH HEL WING

Flying and fighting and love!

A true tale of today's heroes

TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Ken is a typical R. A. F. flyer at the Dover air base and fights with the same gusto as he brings to breakfast. On August 21, 1940, he has to bail out after a terrific encounter with the Nazi vultures, and his buddy, Bill Bradley, is killed. Ken faces two hard jobs—to write to Bill's mother a letter that will comfort her, and try to console his sweetheart Rosalie. Rosalie and Bill were to have been married on his next leave. Curiously enough, Bill had had a premonition that he wouldn't live to see the day. He had even given Ken a farewell message for Rosalie "in case."

Before Ken can write to Bill's mother and his own, or see Rosalie, another air raid is on. Full of daring, counting on his luck, Ken distinguishes himself in this engagement and is promoted to A Flight. He is given a new Spitfire, christened Anna May, and gets acquainted with his companions in A Flight.

Three of the chaps become his chums: Wally Jones, Brian Shaw, and a red-headed Irishman, O'Dowd, who chafes at what he considers stuffy regimentation and the clamps on initiative. From these three boys Ken learns of the dirty work done by "the Twirp," a Nazi pilot who is also a killer. All of them are anxious to bag him, especially as he seems to bear a charmed life.

Ken, Wally, and O'Dowd go to a cinema in time out one afternoon. In the midst of the show there's an air raid. A girl named Mary Waters is hurt and taken to the hospital. O'Dowd, who falls hard for the wounded war worker, vows he will avenge her—in fact, the three R. A. F. boys swear to requite her five times over!

Following the worst battle in the air over Dover, Ken decides to get a leave, see his mother, and bring about a foursome between O'Dowd and Rosalie, himself and Viola, a night-club hostess with whom he is much taken.

PART FOUR—THE ETERNAL FEMININE

September 22.

I'VE had forty-eight-hours leave. I've got fourteen days to come in a fortnight's time, and I don't care a damn for any one. This morning I went up with O'Dowd and we polished off a couple of Huns in a twinkle—one each—just like that. And it was all copybook stuff, too. Here I am sitting writing in the rest hut as happy as a dog with two tails, even if I do feel a million years older, even if there are new faces at the mess, even if we did strike a hell of an air raid. I feel grand. I have decided I have been an awful fool up to now. I haven't been living enough. I'm too much of a gentleman on strictly British lines. This week-end showed me the other side of life. We've got to live more. I "buttoned up" this morning feeling so confident that I could have gone up and smacked the tails off the whole German Luftwaffe. I'm in love too; it's the first time, and I'm prouder of mother than ever. She is a grand sport.

I nearly didn't get my leave—sheer carelessness. I was running out of oxygen at about 30,000 feet and didn't notice. I must have dozed off. You know a Spit stalls so easily at 30,000 that you have to be careful. O'Dowd says I put the wind up him. I snoozed off and then got into a spin through stalling. I came to at about 10,000, but climbing up vertically at 400 m.p.h. I'd pulled out of the dive in my sleep . . . an aerial miracle it seems, but here I am.

But it's taught me something: that dying cannot hurt if it comes like that. It's just like getting a kayo in the ring. I was dead up there, and came to life again. One day I won't come to, perhaps, then I shall be dead. I wonder if I shall know. Other people will, of course, as they'll read my name in the paper.

Now for the leave. It takes a lot of remembering, because I had such a smacking time. We got home at twelve noon and mother was perfectly grand. She looked dinky, too, in her new rig-out. O'Dowd fell for her instantly. I managed to get hold of Rosalie in time for lunch, and called up Viola to come over as well.

We had a raid warning at lunch, but we sat it through, and they didn't get near. I felt a bit embarrassed at seeing Rosalie, but she turned up smiling. She's changed a bit. Bill's going has sweetened her a great deal. The first thing she said to me was she wasn't going to cry, so I felt better, and she gave O'Dowd a real come-hither-big-man kind of welcome. The big stiff began to purr just as he did with the girl at the hospital.

Viola looked pretty snappy in a fox cape that would have cost me a couple of years' salary. She really does dazzle. I saw mother blink a bit, O'Dowd gasped, and Rosalie looked kind of frightened. Even if Viola does look like a cheap actress, immediately she spoke it was all right. She talks like a lady anyhow. After lunch we went up to the West End. London certainly has taken it. Still, they only get through once in daytime, so I don't feel responsible; but there was one mess of a hole in Regent Street. Lewis's looks as if the rats got at it all right. Same rats, but people were still shopping as if nothing had happened.

O'Dowd took me aside when the girls had gone to powder their noses at the Savoy. "Is it a binge, old boy, or just a plain bit of poodle-faking?" I told him it was as he liked, but that I was serious with Viola. He saluted: "O.K., *mein Führer*, then it's serious I am too."

We went to the Dorchester for supper. The price is tough but the food is good and there are smart women. It's good to look at them. Makes you live again, and as the ballroom is underground you can dance right through a raid. While O'Dowd was dancing with Viola I got to grips with Rosalie. She started it. "I know you want to talk about Bill, Ken—I can see it in your face. Did he leave a message for me or anything?" She looked lovely as she said it with her serious dark eyes and pale face and long dark hair right down over her shoulders. She was wearing black, too, and smiling. I'd never noticed she could be so attractive. Perhaps grief does make a girl more attractive. I don't know, but I do know that if I'd been near I would have kissed her. She set something going in me, and she knew it.

"Well, what did he say? You must tell me, Ken," she pleaded. So I told her that Bill hoped she'd get married, that she wasn't to waste her life grieving for him, and all that, and I rounded off with a tale of my great-aunt who lost her husband in the Boer War and her son in the Great War, and who had shut herself away ever since.

When I'd finished, Rosalie laughed. She took hold of my hand too. That made me start. I'd had a drink but I wasn't mistaken; she was magnetic all right.

"Bill doesn't have to worry. I'm going to marry. His death was an awful shock, and yet it wasn't, for I believe he expected it, and that was why he wouldn't marry me. He didn't want me to be a widow. I wouldn't have minded, of course. It would have been better. I am his widow, you see."

She looked round to see if there was any one near and then her eyes

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THE DIARY OF AN R. A. F. PILOT—EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

flashed with tears that weren't quite tears. "Bill hadn't the courage to marry me, but I wanted him—I wanted him to complete my life; so we made love—properly, I mean. It was pretty awful in a way, because there was an alarm, but we pretended we didn't hear, and Bill was so frightened. I wasn't. I knew I was right. You don't blame me, do you, Ken? If this war hadn't happened we should have gone through the usual process — engagement, marriage, and honeymoon at Cannes and all that, but the war has smashed everything. It moved so fast, and caught up with us. I had to be something real to Bill. I had to have a part of him forever. I was starving. I felt like a soldier without a uniform.

"I suppose mother would think I'm awfully wicked, but I don't feel that way. . . . I'm angry, though, that I'm not going to have a baby. I would have liked one. That's a woman's duty these days. When this war is over we shall need all the children we can get. . . ." Rosalie stopped and took a swig of bubbly. "Don't look at me like that, Ken. I'm not a harlot. I'm as much Bill's widow as if I were a real 'Canterbury Bell.' I don't know why I told you. . . . Yes, I do. I want you to feel happy about me, and I've made up my mind that I'll marry. I'll marry any one who'll have me. I'm going to do my duty to England. . . . A girl can't be happy unless she's married. I'm sure of that. . . . I say, let's dance or I'll begin to cry."

We went off on the rumba. We didn't talk much. I asked Rosalie if she liked O'Dowd. She shook her head and chuckled. "He's grand to flirt with, but too unreliable . . . with him it would be hell. You see, I'm jealous. . . ." She laughed and pressed herself all against me then. "Poor old Ken. You're so shocked. You thought I was just a sweet little girl who wouldn't say boo to a goose. Well, I was."

Rosalie stopped dancing, and I felt as if every one were staring at us. She threw her head back and waved her arms as if she were going to dance. "I was, Ken, but I'm not any longer. This is what Hitler's done to me. He's made me into a gin-drinking old hag . . . but I'm decent. I'll beat him. I'll have kids that will knock hell out of the Germans. . . ." She stopped then and swayed. I thought she was going to faint, so I grabbed her and took her back to the table. She took O'Dowd's glass and swigged the lot. Then she smiled so

like a kid wanting to sleep. "Sorry, Ken, but I mean what I say. . . . Perhaps Hitler's done me a good turn. I was a silly little hypocrite before . . . now I'm a woman."

I got another shock when I was dancing with Viola. "That girl is making a pass at you, honey. Are you serious with her?" she said and looked as if she meant it too, so I explained what had happened, and that I'd brought O'Dowd along specially. "She doesn't want him, she's after you," she said. "And I don't want her to have you. You're not leaving my side while she's around. I know her type too . . . we get plenty of them in our business." I suppose Viola had had a little too much champagne too.

LATER, when Rosalie and O'Dowd were off together, she changed round completely. "I didn't mean to be tough, Ken, but, you see, I'm rather fond of you these days, and I don't want to lose you. Ken, you've hardly ever kissed me." And before I could say anything she had put her arms round my neck and kissed me in front of every one else. I went as red as a carrot, I'm afraid, but I liked that kiss, so I gave her one, and then we danced. We wobbled a bit . . . but we danced, and it's the first time I've really enjoyed The Nightingale.

We didn't go home that night either . . . it was too late. The all clear went about three, and by that time none of us really wanted to go home. Rosalie was clinging to O'Dowd and he was liking it, so much that I began to get worried. Viola and I were getting on well too. We were all standing in Park Lane in the blackout, watching the searchlights roaming in the sky, and I suppose none of us wanted to say good-by. I felt a little crazy. I don't think Viola has ever seemed so beautiful.

Finally we all bundled into a taxi to Viola's place in Knightsbridge. We were all sitting in half dark. Viola had put the lights out and all we had was the reflection of the bedroom light, and I began to think of Mary Waters. I don't know why I should, but being there in foursome, full of champagne and happiness, I felt guilty while that kid was lying in the hospital all smashed up through doing her duty. I was still thinking about that when Viola kissed me, and although I liked it enormously I wondered if Mary Waters would enjoy an outing like this. I think I must have dozed a bit, for I woke up suddenly to hear Viola say, "Well, I suppose we might as well have some sleep. I'm going to bed. Are you coming, Rosalie?"

I heard Rosalie answer quite deliberately, "No. I'm staying here. But I'd like a dressing gown if you have one."

Viola came over to me, "I'm going to put on some pajamas, Ken. I'll give Rosalie some, too, then I think you'd better come in my room. I'll shout when the bathroom is free. Come on, Rosalie. . . ."

I went over to O'Dowd. He had taken his tunic off and looked pretty tousled. I asked him to be careful with Rosalie, and he whispered, "Don't worry about her, old chap. . . . I'm the one you ought to worry about, and I don't want you to worry either. . . ." Rosalie came back then. She stood in the doorway, an exciting silhouette in something that looked black and was transparent round the edges. She kissed me on the ear. "Go to bed, Ken, and be a good sport. . . ." But it seemed to me that her words trickled out rather like tears, as she went on: "I really am enjoying myself, really. It's a grand life if you don't weaken!"

Viola and I talked for a long time. I think we were both rather scared of something. About six there was an air-raid alarm, but we didn't pay any attention to it. It was grand snuggling up to Viola. Viola is so warm, so pleasantly poignant. I'll always remember that night, as it took me a million years away from the war. Viola brought me a cup of tea at ten o'clock. Rosalie came and sat on the bed. She was still in the dressing-gown affair and looked pretty stunning. O'Dowd was shaving in the bathroom. I had a new outlook on the world. It seemed somehow as if we were all closer together and much happier. While the girls were making the breakfast I went to wash. O'Dowd upset me a bit, though, when he showed me the electric razor. "So you often come here, old fellow. . . . You're a sly bird, I must say."

I LAUGHED it off, but I'm still wondering why Viola should have an electric razor in her flat, and who used it. I didn't enjoy my breakfast so much because of that. Rosalie and O'Dowd went off to lunch together at eleven and I stayed with Viola. I wanted all the time to ask her about the razor, but I dared not. In any case I have no right to be jealous. She's so decent to me, and I was wondering, too, what Mary Waters would think of us all, although of course as far as Viola is concerned I've been a perfect gentleman. Perhaps she's disappointed. I don't know. I enjoyed that morning with her. We put on the radio and danced and then she made me a topping salad lunch. Twice I had a sudden temptation to ask her to marry me. I believe I want to be married.

I'm afraid I'm going to be very jealous. I've no right to be, because Viola is only a friend, but I think she loves me, and when a woman loves me I want *all* her love. I don't want to share her. I won't. But how silly to write that, even to think it, for it comes to me that I have absolutely nothing to offer her. A woman wants a home and security. What can I give Viola now? Zero, zero, zero. I can dance with her, joke with her, kiss her, but that's the limit. I wish I could forget, but I can't. On this leave I've tasted a bit of heaven. Yes, it was heaven, and I wish tonight I was going back to her arms. That's all I ask—comfort, tenderness; a man can't have too much of that.

I wonder if O'Dowd feels the same way about Rosalie. I don't think he does. He's a cynical old bird in his way. I suppose I've got a mother complex. I want an angel for a wife, and I'll be straight with her. I couldn't bear it any other way, and Viola's too attractive. I'm foolish to think that other men don't take her out. What does she say to them? What do they do with her? She says I'm different, but how different? I'll have to know!

I got home at four in the afternoon and felt a bit of a worm. I got a bit red round the gills when mother asked where we stayed. I told her that we had a shakedown at Viola's. She just asked if Rosalie was there, and when I said she was, mother said, "Oh, then that's all right. Rosalie has her head screwed on. I'm glad you had a good time. I like your friend O'Dowd. Why don't you bring him for his leave if he has nowhere to go?"

GOSH, it all seems so far away. That's the worst of it. One minute you are on the ground, in heaven, and the next minute you are in the air, in hell. One good thing I've done: Mother is going down to Reading to stay at grandma's place—for duration. I'll feel happier then.

The first thing Brian said to me when I got back was, "What do you think this war is coming to? We've got a ruddy Pole—he can hardly speak a word of English either—he's nuts. He's ruddy well got shot down three times in two days and he wants to fly all day." I met "the Barber"—that's what the boys have called him for short. He's a funny little fellow, short and fat with a bald head with gleaming red bristles. His English is a scream. All he can say is, "Me Pole; my father dead from Hitler, my mother dead, my sister dead, my brother dead, my home bust. I fight and like hell, I do. One day I die, but I give German plenty smack before then." And then, because he can't say much more, he begins over again. Poor devil, he's got guts. He escaped from Poland in a passenger kite, joined up with the French, got interned in Switzerland, escaped to Tunis, and then managed to get back to join up here. Already he's bagged nine Huns of his own, so it looks as if he's earned the medals he's got—three rows of them. But he's a problem in the mess. He likes to drink, and we just can't. The adjutant says you can't check him, because these people live that way. How he does it I don't know. Our week-end was a bit expensive—I spent nearly £18—that's three weeks' pay. I don't know where it all went. But they've got a neck charging three guineas a kick for champagne. Well, I'm going downtown.

September 23.

Brian's gone. They got him this morning. Poor old chap, and he leaves

a wife and kid. Three Boches got him in a scramble just before breakfast. We had just got in from morning patrol and Brian was ordering kippers for breakfast on the phone, when the alarm went and in the next minute we were beetling off again.

"This is the works," Brian said over the R. T. as we went up. "Let's give 'em hell." I guessed it was a big show because the three Hurricane squadrons, the Free French boys, and our other two Spitfires were airborne at the same time. The Old Man had just given us the order to attack individually when O'Dowd yelled at me to look out. There were nine M.E.-110s with yellow noses streaking down on the port side like runaway horses. And we had another dozen underneath. I don't know whether Brian had time to see them or not. I saw the top Hun of the lower formation go into smoke as Brian squirted, and then his Spit just went to pieces in the air. Three of them were on him. I lost my head a bit, and went in all out. O'Dowd went up to port and the last I saw of him he was standing on his tail underneath a Heinkel that had suddenly showed up, with a couple of M.E.'s fluttering round. I got one of the fellows who downed Brian—the Hun bailed out. I felt like shooting him up, but decided that wasn't the thing, and so I went for the other. I got him too, by a bit of luck, or judgment. I got round bang on his tail.

I was so near I couldn't miss, but just as he got in the sights and I let him have it, he stalled and went down in a spin. I went down after him. Good thing I did, for as I shoved the stick down and opened up, two fellows I hadn't noticed dived on me. Something hit me somewhere. It was the darned cooling system again, and the greenhouse filled with fumes. I couldn't see anything, but I went down, and somehow I got to about 10,000. I cleared my mark and there was my Hun fluttering about at half speed with smoke coming out of his port tank. So I gave it to him again with everything I had, and his starboard wing came off at the flap just as my engine cut out. I glided down, switched the fuel flow, and she took up again, but only for a minute, so I bailed out and landed, a dozen fields from home, and here I am—one of the "six of our pilots who are safe."

How long can I go on like this? How long can any of us stand it? This air scramble business is getting a deadly game. The jolly old Hun is learning as much from our combat methods as we are from his. They have given the flight to Wally, and given us the Barber. O'Dowd claims two Huns, but Blinks will only allow him one. Both of mine are confirmed, so I'm leading in the race—three to O'Dowd's two in honor of Mary. This morning I had the melancholy job of sorting out Brian's kit. There was a letter addressed to me, Wally, and O'Dowd, "whoever is still there," Brian had written. I opened it. Brian asked whichever of us was looking through his gear to see that some letters from a person signing herself Gertrude were not sent to his wife. "I make no excuse for this . . . I suppose it's the war," he wrote. "But I don't want Mildred to be hurt. She's suffered enough. And will you write to Gertrude, one of you, and tell her the usual stuff . . . tell her to carry on."

I found the Gertrude letters and a couple of photos, and wrote her a letter as Brian asked. Bit of a shock to find that Brian was like that. He was such a quiet kind of fellow. Glad I didn't know that while he was alive.

So now I'm a day older, with a new flight commander and a new section man—the Barber, who's suffered more from this war than any of us and seems the most cheerful. He's working hard with his dictionary, since the Old Man's told him he can only fly when he's on duty.

Liberty

SHORT SHORTS ON THE AIR

TUNE IN TWICE A WEEK ON

WXYZ Detroit	WPAR Parkersburg
WELL Battle Creek	WBLK Clarksburg
WIBM Jackson	WTAR Norfolk
WFDF Flint	WDBJ Roanoke
WJIM Lansing	WJAX Jacksonville
WBCM Bay City	WDBO Orlando
WOOD/WASH Grand Rapids	WDAE Tampa
WOWO Fort Wayne	WQAM Miami
WFBM Indianapolis	KMOX St. Louis
WHAS Louisville	KWOS Jefferson City
KOA Denver	KGBX Springfield
WCHS Charleston	WMBG Minneapolis
	WGY Richmond
	WCCO Schenectady

Consult your local newspaper for exact time

Yesterday I went to see the girl in the hospital. She was looking darned pale. Her mother was there, a nice homely kind of woman who you could imagine making pastry and enjoying it. She went off, making a great point of leaving us together. My flowers were on the table at the side of the cot, and there was another bunch on the other side. "I'm glad you came," Mary said. "I don't know why, but I've thought such a lot about you. Where's your friend?" I made an excuse about O'Dowd, and she said, "Well, you're enough. I mustn't be greedy, but I am. I'm conceited enough to be thrilled at having two young men in uniform. All the other patients are immensely interested. The trouble is I can't answer all their questions because I don't know enough about either of you. It's funny, isn't it? A few days ago I'd never seen you, and suddenly a bomb blasts me into another world and I wake up to find there are two people I'd never met who are quite important. I wonder what this war will do to us all."

I stayed gassing for about an hour. She's so bright. We got into an argument about bombing. She says that less people would be killed if they took more precautions, and that her gang have spent a year trying to make people take shelter.

I told O'Dowd where I'd been when I got back. He didn't take much notice, so I imagine he's wrapped up in Rosalie. And now there's a letter from Viola I've just read, just a nice friendly letter with a kind of kittenish love message at the end. I wonder why it is so cold. I was thinking about her this morning, too, and wishing I was seeing her tonight. . . . No. . . . Perhaps I'd better forget about girls for a while.

I've been playing the Barber at Chinese checkers. He's a wizard. He beat me each game in record time. He's as lively as a monkey and as hard as iron. I wish he'd grow some hair, though. He looks a bit too foreign for our outfit. We get along swell with my French and his English. He is religious in his way. Round his neck he has a gold chain with a kind of icon that has been blessed by the Pope. "I pray to the good holy Mary ever' time I see a Chermann," he told me, "and holy Mary bring me safe home, but sometimes without plane. Well, holy Mary she no *comprendre* airplanes—so I don't ask her to save them."

The Barber has made me think a bit. He asked me if I prayed. When I said I didn't know, he said it was a pity . . . he has prayed all his life. . . . So have I, till this war happened, and somehow I haven't known how. I will, though. I must. I need it. One thing I noticed about Brian: He always went to Communion, and yet he had a Gertrude. Gosh, what a puzzle life is, even when it's so short!

When I come to think of it, the padre gave us a prayer for airmen, something about "Beneath me are the girders of the Almighty; underneath me are the everlasting arms." That seems a good thought, but my prayers are just wishful thinking. "Let me do my job, let me go down safe, and keep my friends out of bomb range." That's how I pray, I suppose, for I'm thinking that most of the time, but I will pray that way. I'll pray while I'm standing up, not when I'm beaten. Anyhow, here's to Winston Churchill. He strikes me as being the only one of the old gang who has really lived. What a life that fellow has! Always adventure—South Africa, Sydney street riots, the last war . . . what a man to follow! I bet he'd love to come up with us. We need some more people like him. He's typical of England. I wish I were a tenth as good a man as he is. . . . Yes, he's the most popular man in England.

What is to be the outcome of the love affairs between O'Dowd and Rosalie, Ken and Viola? How will Mary Waters fit in the picture? Is "the Barber" to influence the boys of A Flight in some unexpected and dramatic way? Ken will take you into his confidence still deeper in next week's Liberty, and you will see again how life outdoes fiction.

Airplane Crashes—and the Politicians

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

I USED to be afraid to fly! Bernarr Macfadden, who learned to pilot his own plane at sixty, often joshed me about my timidity. He argued that I could greatly extend my activities by using this swift means of transportation. Formerly I had done some flying but had stopped, after reading about a whole series of accidents to passenger planes. Then one day I had to get to a Southern city in a hurry, and put aside my timidity to take a plane. On this journey I rediscovered not only the speed but the comfort and charm of aerial travel; since then I have been flying regularly, week in, week out.

Thus, as a constant passenger on the air lines, I was greatly disturbed at certain charges that were brought to my attention—charges of danger to the flying public from a change made last year in Washington. That change was the transfer of the Civil Aeronautics Authority from an independent existence to the discipline and supervision of the United States Department of Commerce. Many friends, well informed in aviation, predicted to me that this change would be disastrous; that it destroyed a policy of independent and critical supervision over safety factors in airplane travel. Some even went so far as to prophesy crashes of passenger liners—although, since the establishment of the Civil Aeronautics Authority as an independent governing body, accidents had been reduced to the vanishing point.

Unfortunately these predictions have come true. There has been one crash after another since the change was made. Was it coincidence? Or was it cause and effect? Air passengers have a right to frank answers to these questions. That was why I sent Morris Markey, skilled and reputable journalist, to Washington to get both sides of the story. Next week he tells that story in Liberty under the title Our Air Lines and the Politicians. Every American interested in aviation should read this vital piece.

THERE WILL BE MANY other interesting articles in next week's issue: George Jean Nathan tells what he would do if he were a theatrical producer, and that certainly ought to make Sam H. Harris and the other Broadway bigwigs sit up and take notice; Rupert Hughes tells about the Woman's National Guard which, he thinks, the United States ought to have; Jack Dempsey opens up the door of the boxing arena drawing room and tells about seconds, good and bad; there is a quiz about food by G. Selmer Fougner; and more about the fight for American schoolbooks by George E. Sokolsky; there are two swell short stories—The Dance of the Passion Flower, by Thomas Rourke, and "Who Gives a Child a Home," by Grace Flandrau; and many other good things, together with the departments and the serials—all heartily recommended.

SALMAGUNDI: I had an exciting time, talking before the Community Forum at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on the fifth column, and at New York's Town Hall on crime prevention. . . . Thomas E. Dewey and I exchanged condolences over the telephone, both having just left the dentist's chair. . . . Pascal Covici of the Viking Press sends me the new novel by George Sessions Perry called Hold Autumn in Your Hand. It is a magnificent story of one man's fight against nature, full of humor and heroism. Wish Mr. Perry would send us some of his stories. . . . You will all remember the delightful stories of Casanova as told by John Erskine in the pages of this magazine. Now, Frederick A. Stokes Company has issued these stories in a handsome volume under the title, Casanova's Women. Happily we give it four stars—a real treat for every lover of life.

The same high rating of four stars goes to One Enduring Purpose, by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant, not only editorial assistants of long years but friends through thick and thin. Their story is a sound and beautiful one published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

Efficiency experts in Boston are criticizing Police Commissioner Joseph F. Timilty for his Junior Police Corps, about which we published an article some time ago. Boston should be very proud of Commissioner Timilty's effective work in crime prevention. Save the boy and you save the man. His Junior Police Corps is a dramatic way of overcoming the almost instinctive antagonism of boys against cops. When Commissioner Timilty started the plan in 1938, he had 2,500 boys. Today there are 17,000, with 12,000 more on the waiting list. That certainly shows a real need. These boys get all the physical training that goes into the job of making a policeman. They have a summer camp, and through the help of other public-spirited citizens of Boston, Commissioner Timilty has been able to provide vacations in the country for 5,000 boys who otherwise would have spent the summer playing on streets in slums. The Commissioner also established a free employment bureau for boys; in one year he found jobs for 6,281 boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one years. The largest number of arrests made in the United States is in the age group of nineteen years. The figures for the ages of from fourteen to twenty-one make one feel heartsick. Crime prevention consists almost entirely of a proper approach to juvenile delinquency. In this important work, Commissioner Timilty of Boston is serving valiantly. More power to him! . . . My ventriloquist dummy, Sir Jasper Bedworthy, will be exhibited at the National Hobby Museum sponsored by the Hobby Guild of America.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY CHARLES LA SALLE

"Your father," frowned Elsie, "has always been like that!"

"BUT I WANT TO see that *movie!*" complained little Beulah.

"So do I," agreed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "But your father insists on trying to bull his way in on a pass."

Elmer, the Bull, turned from his argument with the ticket seller. "I am only insisting on our rights," he rumbled. "After all, it's *our* RKO movie, 'Little Men,' they're showing here."

"*My* RKO movie," Elsie reminded him. "Next you'll be claiming credit for the wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* that Borden experts and scientists help me to produce. And all the grand foods that are made from my milk."

"How many, please?" asked the ticket seller. "I mean foods—not tickets."

"Just heaps, my dear," replied Elsie. "Why, there's a score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses* alone. One you're probably familiar with is *Borden's Cream Cheese*. It's made with my fresh cream only, and it's so rich you can whip it—though, of course, you can't *beat* it."

"You will find, miss," Elmer began to the ticket seller, "if you just send in my name to the manager—"

"You'd get farther, Elmer," said Elsie, "if you sent him in some samples of the lovely cookies and candies and cake frostings that are made from the *Borden's Eagle Brand*

Sweetened Condensed Milk my milk helps to make. I guess I know something about men."

"I certainly wish you'd let *me* in on it!" exclaimed the ticket seller.

"Every last one of them loves to eat," Elsie stated positively. "Particularly the perfect cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes that result from using *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*. It's the same fine evaporated milk that doctors approve for infant feeding because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D."

"I want to see the *movie*," whimpered little Beulah. "Gee, it's no good just getting in for the *end* of something."

"That's not always true, darling," Elsie

pointed out. "There's hardly anything nicer than the end of a dinner when it ends with a plump, fragrant pie made with *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*. Of course, *None Such* doesn't happen to be made from your

mother's milk. But it gets its extra spicy goodness and purity from the same kind of Borden skill and care that always keeps my milk so fine."

"Will *no* one pay any attention to me?" bellowed Elmer. "I know my rights, and—"

"Don't get so hot under the collar, Elmer," Elsie warned him. "You look fit to melt a ton of *Borden's Ice Cream*. And that particular masterpiece of my milk and cream is so smooth and luscious that folks usually

feel as though they could actually *eat* a ton of it." She turned to the ticket seller and went on, "I hate scenes—here, *I'll* pay for three tickets."

"Thank you, maam," murmured the ticket seller. "I hope you like your picture."

"Like it?" beamed Elsie. "We'll love it. You know—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

* * *

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